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Realism, or the Baldwin Touch

WITH only one week remaining before the Trades Union Congress meets at Margate, there is a growing chorus of plaintive and "patriotic" voices asking why trade unionists do not have "reality" explained to them in simple terms such as they can understand. Typical, and significant of the failure of economists and boards of directors to comprehend the workers' attitude, is the letter addressed this week to *The Times* by Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, who left high rank in the Treasury for the agreeable milieu of City directorships. Sir Frederick pleads with the T.U.C. to recognise that an advance of wages on anything like the scale now being demanded would dash any hopes that Britain's foreign balance of payments can be brought into equilibrium, and make the happy end of freely convertible sterling unattainable. He argues, rightly enough, that if there is no increase in available supplies of consumers' goods, larger pay-packets for one group mean lighter shopping baskets for another. He is less convincing when he contends that, since 1947, wage increases have been the main factor accounting for inflation of prices. The need to-day, he concludes, if we are to avert a further twist to the inflationary spiral and the danger of yet another devaluation of the pound, is not an increase but "a general reduction" of wages and salaries. It is not only the miners who will recall a similar demand from Mr. Baldwin not so long before the General Strike.

From the angle of the City this doubtless sounds admirably "realistic." If British workers could be persuaded that their response to increases of world food prices should be to eat less, British exporting firms would no doubt prosper and the dollar gap might indeed be closed. But in the *laisser faire* capitalist paradise which Sir Frederick conjures up—a "free" pound whose exchange value is maintained by contraction of credit, consumption and employment—"reality" implies that freedom from governmental controls over the City will be matched by an equal freedom on the part of trade unions to grab what they can in the merry game of pull devil, pull baker. Moreover, when solemn warnings are given that wage advances would prejudice the nation's balance of foreign payments by making our exports too costly to be competitive, the trade unions are entitled to retort that one big factor making for the distortion of that balance is the inflated import requirements of the rearmament programme, and that if they are to be treated to elementary lessons in "reality," they would like to know whether the strain on the balance could not be lessened by importing less food from abroad and growing more at home.

At Margate, however, it is not the high-level economic argument with which Congress will be concerned. The perfectly simple fact is that, whatever Treasury bulletins, bankers and "top-brass" industrialists may have to say about vulnerable export markets, balances of foreign payments and the rest, the rank-and-file trade unionist is painfully aware from his personal experience that, since the last Congress, the cost of food has risen substantially and shows signs of rising still further. He perceives that, no matter whether they be living on income or capital, the well-to-do classes in this country are still enjoying standards of consumption denied to him and his family; and he knows from his daily paper that industrial profits are at an all-time high. He is quite determined that he is not going to be the holder of the inflation baby, and the chances that he will abandon present wage claims are remote.

By this we do not imply that there is a case for granting in full the whole of the big unions' current wage demands; both in mining and engineering there are classes of piece-workers whose earnings are still an adequate cushion against the impact of food prices raised by world shortage and the reduction of subsidies by the Tory Government. The present situation on the wages front is, in fact, shockingly confused. Some workers have already succeeded in securing increases to offset the past year's increase in living costs; others have not; and in many industries there has been a blurring of differentials for skill which needs to be reviewed. There is undoubtedly scope for compromise in the wage claims now before employers—quite apart from the long-term need for a rationalisation of the wages structure as a whole.

So much is implicitly admitted in the cautious ambivalence of the statement by the General Council's economic committee. But, so far, the managements' response to the miners, railwaymen and engineers has been a flat "No."

If the Government seriously expects to achieve stability of prices without the disturbance caused by a fresh round of wage increases, it might have a chance of eliciting "restraint" from the trade unions by giving an unequivocal promise to adjust subsidies so as to prevent more than an agreed maximum further rise in food prices. Even so, there is no question but that some wage increases must and ought to be granted to compensate for the rise which has already taken place in the cost of living. To freeze wages arbitrarily at this juncture is not "realism" but a political impossibility.

Teheran Turnabout?

The talks that Dr. Mossadeq has been having with the British chargé d'affaires and with the U.S. ambassador have caused more optimism than anything that has happened since the failure of the Stokes Mission. In outline, the new Persian proposals seem sensible. It appears that Dr. Mossadeq is willing to let arbitrators settle the dispute about compensation with Anglo-Iranian, and, if a wider agreement is reached, to sign an Anglo-Persian treaty of friendship. For his part, he asks Britain not to insist on the re-employment of Anglo-Iranian staff or on an option on all Persia's output. There are, of course, innumerable reefs upon which the new talks could be wrecked. But there seems to be a definite change of mood. This is partly due to American efforts to make both Britain and Persia more reasonable. The State Department has been seriously worried in recent weeks lest there be an internal collapse in Persia, and it is apparently willing to give Dr. Mossadeq substantial economic assistance if he is prepared to modify his stubborn stand.

This U.S. decision may well have prompted Mr. Truman's release of a confidential Federal Trade Commission report, which charges that an Anglo-American cartel has been controlling the distribution and price of world oil. A Federal jury has also been asked to consider evidence that five American and two British companies have exercised an illegal restraint on trade. This Report, by implication, shows why and how the boycott of Persian oil has been so successful, though it "abridges" the sections dealing with the relations between private companies and Middle East Governments. These sections might otherwise provide valuable ammunition, not merely for the Persians, but for oil nationalists elsewhere.

Two Visitors to Rhodesia

Mr. Henry Hopkinson's visit to Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland in order to "explain Federation to the Africans," is going according to a pattern established by other Ministerial visitors before him. On leaving this country, he announced in effect that he was sure that the reasons for African opposition to Federation lay in ignorance and unnecessary suspicion: it should be enough for Mr. Hopkinson, the Minister of State, to say a few kind words and all would be well. On arrival in Northern Rhodesia he found what others had found: that all politically conscious Africans—and even the Barotse chiefs who can afford, owing to their special status, to be less concerned with the effects of Federation than their fellows further East—are resolutely and *reasoningly* opposed to union of their country with Southern Rhodesia in almost any form of association. So Mr. Hopkinson has duly repeated what others, with the honourable exception of Mr. James Griffiths, have asserted before him. He based his agreement on the fact that educated Africans, whom he met, are only a small minority, and that the vast majority of Africans are "quite ignorant" of what Federation would really mean. Brigadier Ralston, whose letter we publish on another page, makes the same case. But there is a fallacy in arguing that African opposition, being limited to the "minority," can thus be reasonably ignored. The point is that the articulate leadership of the Africans is in opposition, and that the "ignorance" or "indifference" of the masses is no excuse for a policy which antagonises every responsible African.

Mr. Attlee, who arrived in Northern Rhodesia last week-end at Mr. Roy Welensky's invitation, should soon be able to understand this. When Mr. Welensky came to Westminster to argue the case for Federation a year or so back, he spent as much time with the Conservative opposition as he did with Labour Ministers. We hope that on this occasion he will make it easy for Mr. Attlee to meet the leaders of the African opposition—Mr. Yamba and Mr. Sokota, for instance, who are members of the Legislative Council, Mr. Katilungu of the African Mineworkers' Union, and Mr. Nkumbula of the African Congress, as well as some of the leading chiefs.

Trouble in Sarawak

The declaration of a state of emergency in the town of Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, and in the adjoining district, is surprising and portentious. It follows the killing of a policeman and the wounding of two others by what *The Times* correspondent calls "a uniformed Communist gang." It is surprising because since the assassination of the previous Governor, itself an isolated incident, there has been no signs of disaffection or of any secession movement in the colony. Now it appears there have been political threats and extortion and the distribution of Communist pamphlets. Since 1946, when the "White Rajah," Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, handed over the colony, which for a century had been family property, to the British Crown, the colony has been administered by a group of enlightened civil servants. Native participation has been through a Council but only through hand-picked chiefs. There have, however, been genuine efforts to ease the advancement of the people, even in the jungle kampongs of the Dyaks, and to temper the impact of the 20th Century which has penetrated abruptly through the boom in jungle rubber. The false move, not only from the point of view of outside opinion but for internal reasons, was the recruiting of the Sea Dyaks, the one-time head-hunters, as members of the forces in Malaya. The identification of the Chinese Communists as the enemy in Malaya was bound to produce stresses in Sarawak, where a quarter of the population is Chinese, living in competitive tension with the Coastal Malays.

Social Nuisances

Credit where credit is due. Critics of the British press should be the first to applaud cases in which newspapers run public-spirited and, we hope, ultimately effective campaigns to have this or that social nuisance abated. There have been two recent commendable examples. First, the *Manchester Guardian* rendered admirable service in exposing the evils of the traffic in horse-flesh for human consumption. Next, *The Times* has, this week, been stoutly championing the cause of ridding British beaches of pollution by oil-sludge drained at sea from tankers—a nuisance as grave in its way as that of broken glass, to which attention is drawn in an article on a later page of this issue. The present situation is intolerable; not merely are beaches being ruined for holiday makers by lumps of tar, but every year scores of thousands of sea-birds, their feathers clogged with floating oil, are drowned or die miserably of starvation. Even if the 1926 draft convention, forbidding the discharge of oil-sludge within fifty miles of a coast, were ratified, it is doubtful if this would suffice to save all our beaches. With the Gulf Stream and the strong prevailing westerly winds, oil may drift to Cornwall and Devon from far out in the Atlantic. The least the Government should do is to enact that all ships unloading crude oil in British ports should have their tanks cleaned (as can now be done) before sailing.

WASHINGTON

Preparing for the Campaign

Our Washington Correspondent writes: The General and the Governor remain in their respective Middle-Western tents preparing for the rigours of the campaign, which starts traditionally in the first week in September. Each knows that he has difficult fighting ahead. Planning consists partly of deciding how and where to fight individual State battles to produce the maximum results.

Each has a fairly simple formula for victory. For Eisenhower it means carrying what are called the Republican States, those 25 States which now have Republican Governors and largely Republican representation in Congress. If they could all be won there would be a comfortable Republican majority in the Electoral College. They lie partly on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and partly in the heart of the traditionally isolationist Middle-West. Eisenhower faces a difficult task, for the sort of appeal which might carry Connecticut or win Massachusetts might well leave Indiana and Wisconsin unenthusiastic; and if Governor Warren as Vice-presidential candidate could not hold his own State of California for the Republicans in 1948, could the much less locally popular Senator Nixon? Moreover there are signs that the reactionary wing of the Republican party has not forgiven the defeat of its favourite at Chicago.

Stevenson has a similar mathematical formula. It is to win those States which Truman won in 1948, prevent a Southern Dixiecraft secession, and pick up States like New York, which fell to the Republicans four years ago largely as the result of the candidature of Henry Wallace. His prospects look brighter, for the Progressive Party is now reduced to the hard core of Communists and fellow-travellers, with no appeal to the liberal

wing of the Democratic party, and no hope of splitting the vote. And the statement by James F. Byrnes, now Governor of South Carolina, supporting the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket, followed by similar statements from the regular democratic organisations in Georgia and Mississippi, has greatly reduced the likelihood of another Southern breakaway in the autumn.

Stevenson has made it clear that he will be his own master, and will accept no control of his campaign, either by the White House, or by the regular party professionals. His selection of Wilson Wyatt, a former leader of Americans for Democratic Action, the ginger group of the Democratic party, as his campaign manager caused surprise and some consternation to the party professionals who assumed that Stevenson would balance this appointment with a party regular as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Stevenson conformed to tradition in picking a Roman Catholic of Irish ancestry, but Mr. Stephen Mitchell is no party wheelhorse and was chosen because he was both an old friend and a new face. So far Eisenhower appears to have the more competent staff, but Stevenson has begun to put together an able group, untarnished by the Truman label.

In general it can be said that Stevenson has apparently succeeded in preserving more votes of the South than were cast for Truman four years ago, at the expense of some loss of Negro votes in the North. On foreign policy Eisenhower's greater experience and international reputation is offset by the reluctance of part of his party to back his ideas on foreign policy to the hilt. In terms of personal attraction Eisenhower's fame is matched against Stevenson's superiority as a speaker.

It can be persuasively argued, however, that American elections are not decided by oratory, policy, organisation or the political charm of the candidates. Often they are decided simply by prosperity. The voters may not attribute the prosperity to the party in power, but they tend to look askance at the risk of jettisoning it. This is particularly true of farmers. They have had a recent reminder of what they owe to the Democratic Administration in the recent drought. One State after another in New England and the South has been declared a disaster area, thereby enabling the farmers to acquire cheap loans to tide them over crop failures. The farmers tipped the balance to Truman in 1948. They have been enjoying much prosperity since. However there have been some signs recently that their material well-being, though immense by any objective standards, is not quite as high relatively as it has been during the last few years. The goods the farmer has to buy are getting more expensive, and tend to outstrip the rise in farm prices.

The question worrying the political crystal gazers, therefore, is what is going to happen to the American economy between now and November 4, and what will its effects be on the farm vote. The huge increase in the price of steel, granted to settle the steel strike, will soon be passed on to a huge variety of consumer goods. Price controls were virtually scrapped by the Congress before it adjourned for the Conventions. Ellis Arnall, the liberal former Governor of Georgia, who is now in charge of price stabilisation, has submitted his resignation to President Truman, and has been urging him to call a special session of Congress to combat inflation. So far neither the resignation nor the suggestion has been accepted. There is divided counsel within the Administration on the seriousness of the economic outlook. There is also a division among the political prophets on whether another dose of inflation would hurt the Democrats or the Republicans the more.

Ethics and Circulation

WHEN the *Daily Express* published its disputed interview with Mrs. Maclean, it unwittingly did more than the Royal Commission to stimulate public discussion of press ethics. Neither the official defence of the *Daily Express* nor the vote of confidence in the journalist concerned by his own trade union Chapel has met the real issue. They may insist that Mrs. Maclean herself did speak to the reporter on the telephone. They have not been able to explain why a telephone conversation was presented as a personal interview, down to the very smile of the subject. We are glad, therefore, that the Central London branch of the National Union of Journalists has appointed a committee of inquiry to investigate the incident. We hope that the inquiry will be searching, even though members of that branch, in the Express Newspapers and Kemsley House Chapels, have rather prejudged the issue by declaring, in one case, their wholehearted support for their colleague, and in the other their resentment against the *Observer* for damaging "the whole craft of British journalism by its criticism."

We publish this week a similar complaint from Mr. Manning, a sporting journalist employed at Kemsley House, who is the chairman of the Central London branch of the N.U.J. His self-satisfied defence of Fleet Street's honour suggests that he is either uninformed about current newspaper practices, or is being as disingenuous as a Press Lord before the Royal Commission. We find it hard to believe that a majority of his colleagues in Fleet Street could conscientiously endorse his complacency or support his categoric rebuttals of our criticism. There are many journalists who would like to take such a pride in their profession, but who are too painfully conscious of the truth. They have become cynical cogs in the wheels of an immense and a-moral commercial machine. It was not our intention to "arouse suspicion among journalists" or to depict them as the villains of the Fleet Street piece. As much as the general public, they are the victims of a modern technique in the production of newspapers with a mass circulation.

How should a journalist who has striven to acquire an adequate background of knowledge and to learn the craft of presenting news accurately, logically and readably, not feel that his professional status is being degraded when he sees "celebrities," with little knowledge of affairs and less of letters, hired at fancy fees to put their names to ghost-written columns? How can he be expected to take much pride or trouble in his reportage when he knows in advance that the published result will be a *pastiche*, re-written and angled by a sub-editor in accordance with the "formula" which this or that Night Editor has devised for "hitting the public in the eye"? How say that one has a "profession" at all when its exercise may involve unwarrantable—and, we are sure, to every decent journalist, distasteful—intrusions into private lives, and in still less savoury activities such as the snatching of photographs from the mantlepiece of a bereaved or grief-stricken household? We do not say that such practices are universal in the "popular" sector of Fleet Street, but they exist. The journalist who must get on with them, or get out, is not likely to develop a profound sense of his or his profession's "responsibility."

As for "laziness"—and here we have more particularly in mind the collection of news of serious import—why should the political or diplomatic correspondent of a mass-circulation daily exert himself too conscientiously when he knows that his story may be reduced to a couple of brief paragraphs over which some trivial but sensational news item will be given pride of place? Add to this the fact that, for such journalists, the modern usage of the official hand-out and the convenient link with "public relations" officers offer a tempting short-cut to "easy copy": the qualities of keeness and patience in the checking and cross-checking of news are apt only too readily to evaporate.

Mr. Manning objects to our statement that News Editors are "stooges" in the sense that the values which they seem to attach to news are those, not of the balanced and objective recorder of contemporary life, but of the circulation manager intent on snatching sales from his rivals and of the proprietor avid for profit. But can it be denied that in the columns of many "popular" newspapers the frivolous consistently takes precedence over facts which are regarded as "dull" because they are serious and significant?

As a recent illustration, let us consider the treatment by mass-circulation newspapers of the abdication of King Farouk and his arrival in Capri. Readers were spared any serious attempt to explain or evaluate the political developments involved in General Neguib's coup in Egypt; but, at the cost of very considerable cabling charges, they were treated to a meticulously detailed account of the ex-monarch's daily diet and the precise number of salons, bedrooms and bathrooms occupied by his suite on the island of his romantic exile. To take so much trouble to purvey such nonsense is only one degree more degrading to the profession of journalism, and damaging to the prestige of the British press, than the assiduity with which the Foreign Secretary, on honeymoon, was faithfully followed round Portugal by journalists whose achievement was their ability to report that Mr. Eden took a short walk dressed in a blue sports shirt and subsequently had luncheon at precisely 1.30 p.m.

The net result is that, with a few signal exceptions, the British press does not make good use even of its limited newsprint. So far as quality of reporting is concerned, Britain is worse served than most Western countries; even the syndicated U.S. press provides a fuller news service to its readers. Why should British intelligence be rated so low? The *Daily Telegraph* has demonstrated that a sale approaching seven figures can be secured by a daily newspaper which eschews recourse to stunts and sensationalism and endeavours, according to its political lights, to present its readers with a reasonably full, objective and seriously written account of what is happening at home and abroad. Tastes differ: there is room, no doubt, for other types of newspaper, not excluding those meant to attract the less politically-interested readers. Our point is not

that every newspaper should model itself on *The Times*—either of London or New York—but that too many British mass-circulation papers to-day are failing, for reasons which are neither convincing nor creditable, to create the informed public opinion on which the success of democratic government must finally depend. We would once more urge the need for the establishment of an effective Press Council, not merely to check flagrant abuses, but to work out practical ethical standards for daily journalism and obtain acceptance for them in Fleet Street.

Moral Empire

A BICYCLE was bowling along the brick-paved road on top of the polder dyke; on it were four men, two pedalling and two riding pillion in tandem. "That could be the symbol of Holland nowadays," said my Dutch companion; "we have to pedal our own bicycle, with too many passengers." This was apropos of what we had been discussing—the situation of an erstwhile imperial power which has shrunk to the 13,000 square miles of the metropolitan Netherlands and the modest proportions of the West Indian Antilles and Surinam. There is also Western New Guinea, still in dispute with Indonesia.

Once the Dutch could look beyond the narrow confines of the Rhine Delta to the great arc of the Netherlands East Indies, the island colonies which stretched a distance equivalent to that from Ireland to the Caspian. This, some Dutchmen (now they have lost it) will tell you, was their *Lebensraum*, an outlet for a teeming population which is increasing at the rate of one per cent., compound interest, per annum. Certainly, the density of population is oppressive—761 per square mile, compared with 541 per square mile in Britain. In 20 years, the population of the Netherlands has increased from 7,900,000 to 10,200,000; and in a country where 38 per cent. of the people are Catholics, the multiplication rate is likely to continue.

Any suggestion, however, that constriction of Empire has somehow aggravated this pressure is exaggeration. It is true that the Dutch who returned from Indonesia numbered about 180,000, including the army and the soldiers' families, and it is reckoned that there are about another 130,000, including Eurasian Dutch, who might, or might not, decide to return. In total, that represents less than two years' reproduction figures; and, in any event, as a Dutch official pointed out to me, the Dutch in Indonesia were not emigrants, but were due to return some day to the Netherlands. The economic effects of the loss of the East Indies are more complex. It has certainly affected, seriously, the Dutch dollar balance because, in the old days, they took the East Indian products, sold them for dollars and returned, in exchange, Dutch or European goods. Now the Indonesians get their dollars direct. Nevertheless, Holland's trade with Indonesia is still very substantial.

Before Indonesian independence, Dutch capital investment in the East Indies amounted to 5,000 million guilders—oil, sugar, rubber, coffee, tea, etc.—but a considerable amount of that has been written off. There was the destruction of industrial plant, and of plantations, partly by a "scorched earth" policy at the time of the Japanese invasion, partly by Japanese destruction, and partly by the ravages of the Dutch-Indonesian fighting when independence was disputed. There has been devaluation, and there are the Indonesian currency restrictions on negotiable assets, by which only one guilder in three can be transferred, under licence, from the Republic. Another factor is what a Dutch industrialist called the "exorbitant wage demands" of the Indonesian plantation and industrial workers, which, of course, merely means the end of cheap labour. Nevertheless, in spite of everything, East Indian companies still make handsome profits and pay substantial dividends.

A British official at The Hague advised me not to discuss Indonesia with the Dutch. It was still, he said, a sore point, and they still blamed the British for "letting them down" by not suppressing the revolt at the very outset. On the contrary, I found intelligent Dutchmen not only reconciled to the loss of Indonesia but anxious to find what a professor called "the moral equivalent of Empire." Nor was this just the "fox that lost its tail" attitude. When I suggested that Indonesians would increasingly want Dutchmen back in advisory and other capacities, a Government official said that, while they would willingly accede (and had done so) to any specific request for an individual, they would not encourage or promote any attempt to put Dutchmen back in any numbers. "Our motives might be misunderstood," he said. "In time, perhaps, suspicions will have abated."

As an outlet for the multiplying population, the Dutch have Government-sponsored emigration schemes. Started originally as a voluntary body, the emigration bureau has been taken over officially, and in two years has increased the number of emigrants from 20,000 to 50,000 a year and, by next year, will probably be exporting half the annual net increase in population. The pattern of emigration is interesting: 20,000 to Canada; 18,000 to Australia; 6,000 to New Zealand; 4,000 to South Africa and 1,000 to South America.

In the case of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, farm emigrants are in smaller proportions than industrial emigrants. There the policy is a deliberate one of assimilation. Emigrants are discouraged, as far as possible, from aggregating in Dutch "colonies" and are dispersed. In South America, the main group is in process of being established in Brazil as a colony. This is the third Dutch colony there, the first thirty years ago and another three years ago. The Dutch sent out a mission of scientists and agriculturists, who chose the location of the new colony and arranged credits with the Brazilian authorities. The migration is not subsidised, but the Government allow the farmers, mainly young parents from North Holland, to take equipment and cattle to the value of 30,000 guilders (£3,000) per family. Emigration to South Africa is declining for eloquent reasons. The Malan Government will not have new Dutch farm settlers in competition with the Afrikaners. The Boers cannot employ Dutch farm-labour because of the Native problem; and in spite of their own Dutch origins they discourage industrial migrants because they "line up with the British" and fraternise with the natives. Anyway, the Dutch disapprove of Malan and few want to live under his regime.

There is, moreover, another form of "emigration"—a manifestation of the Dutch effort to find the "moral equivalent of Empire." This is part of the serious attempt to make Holland a centre of recruitment and of training for the mutual aid, international services. All over the world, one finds Dutchmen in U.N. Technical Assistance. Holland, in disproportion to its size, ranks fourth as a source of supply of experts—U.S., Great Britain, France, Holland, in that order—and has a special department of Government for finding such experts.

But the most important expression of this "moral equivalent of Empire" is the Institute of Social Studies, which the Netherlands Universities have set up through The Foundation for International Co-operation. Although it is a Government-subsidised institution, it is independent and unrestricted in its programme and future adaptation. The teaching staff are Dutch, but visiting professors from abroad will supply an international element. The courses are in English. It is also a research institution. Courses will vary from two years to six months—the latter to provide for refresher courses for people in key positions in the Governments of the under-developed territories as well as for intensive briefing of experts taking appointments under Technical Assistance.

I discussed the objects of the Institute with its director, Professor S. Hofstra, and was impressed by the breadth of the approach and an enlightenment far removed from the "We know best" of the old imperialisms. There is, in this innovation, a recognition of the new realities of the world, of co-operation instead of indoctrination and the fact that the new countries will evolve their own way of life and will not borrow a second-hand one. In the new world order, and in the workings of Technical Assistance, the need for a true comprehension of the cultures and aspirations of the so-called under-developed territories is abundantly apparent. The Dutch have been clear-sighted and clear-headed enough to recognise it and to take the initiative in providing "the moral equivalent of Empire."

Delft, August. RITCHIE CALDER

London Diary

EVEN the elements are moderate in this country; the Lynmouth disaster seems to us contrary to nature. Surely only vast rivers like the Yellow River or Mississippi flood huge areas, drown villagers, and sweep away farms, houses and livestock? Yet this calamity has happened in one of our quietest and happiest counties. We have lost a lovely village which most of us, at one time or another, have enjoyed and praised. Unlike most disasters, this one provides no scapegoat, calls for no drastic preventive measures. It is no one's fault and it is not likely to occur again. There remains to do what we can for the bereaved people, and to consider the best way of rebuilding Lynmouth. Why should we not for once try the experiment of having the whole village rebuilt as a unit? What about a nationally sponsored architectural competition? We might even get something as original and lovely as Portmerion, product of the lively invention of Clough Williams-Ellis.

Incidentally it would be a paying proposition. Lynmouth will be highly prosperous in the future. Curiosity, particularly of the macabre kind, is a safe holiday magnet.

* * *

Everything that makes for cynicism, despair and social breakdown is summarised in the news that the Master of Krupp, rehabilitated, is to receive £25m. in compensation. The firm's vast potential output is to be directed, we are told, to making arms lest it should swamp our export markets. Two world wars to end the menace of an expanding Germany; two Peaces pledged to disarm Germany and prevent it ever arming again; two revolutions deliberately aborted; two betrayals of everything two generations died for—and the prospect of a third German war, promised against Russia but quite as likely to be against the West. No one behind the Iron Curtain need in future trouble to talk of germ warfare. A rearmed and expanding Krupps, publicly justified in London and Washington, is all the propaganda that Moscow needs.

* * *

If a magistrate wrongly convicts me, and the proof of my innocence (which, according to immaculate legal theory, shouldn't be necessary) is not forthcoming until after I have paid my fine or served my sentence, then—if I write to the Home Secretary and make a fuss about it—I may get a "free pardon" from the Crown. Pardon be damned! If I'd been convicted of murder and the sentence had been commuted or, in the old days, if I was a felon, sent to Botany Bay on the ground that it was preferable to being hanged, the Crown's mercy could be, by a stretch of language, called a "pardon." But then I should have an offence proved against me. What—to take recent trivial cases—of the example of Mrs. Grant-Kinghorn, of Weston-super-Mare, fined 7s. 6d. for keeping a dog without a licence although she and her children swore that a licence was taken out at the local post office and then mislaid? Three weeks later her solicitor was able to tell the Court that the authorities had found she was right; and in due course the Home Secretary "recommended a free pardon." A similar case last year concerned a woman boarding-house keeper who, having mislaid certain ration documents, was heavily fined for obtaining food without them—and then found the documents behind the piano. She was graciously "pardoned" and got her money back. Sometimes the Automobile Association, getting a motorist acquitted of a charge under some Act that has no application to motorists, then obtains "pardons" for some scores of others who have actually paid fines for the same "offence." How far back such pardons ought to go is a matter, apparently, for the Home Secretary. The point is that in such cases it is the Crown that owes you an apology. Whether you pardon the Home Secretary is your affair.

* * *

Some day a successor to Kipling will write a grand short story on how the village of Asolo became famous in 1952. It all began last May when an old friend of mine who was motoring in Italy fell into conversation with an Englishman in a café in this little mountain village. She was looking for somewhere for herself and her family to stay, and finding that they had mutual acquaintances, including various writers on this journal, she went back and had a yarn with him and his friend in the villa where they were living. It suddenly struck her that these two resembled Burgess and Maclean, and when she got back to England she compared photographs and found, she thought, a strong resemblance. She rang up to relate her discovery to this journal and also to a daily newspaper. A few minutes enquiry in this office were enough to show that her hosts had been Sam Langford and Brian Howard, who used to write book reviews in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. We informed the daily paper, which had put a reporter on the job; the editor thanked us for saving him further trouble. Oddly enough, that is not the end of the story. The *Sunday Chronicle* later published a front-page story on the subject. Apparently Asolo has become connected in the Fleet Street minds with the runaway pair. Philip Toynbee, writing in this week's *Observer*, tells us that on his reaching Asolo (having grown a beard) it was assumed that he must be Burgess. He met a *Sunday Chronicle* correspondent there, and disappointed him with full details of his identity. The journalist admitted that he was "on a false trail." That, however, in no way deterred the *Sunday Chronicle* from running an eight-column banner headline: "Guy Burgess seen in Italy"!

* * *

When you consider that American Vice-Presidents are only one missed heart-beat from the White House, it is amazing what risks the parties are prepared to take. Senator Nixon, for example, would become President if General Eisenhower should win in November but die in office. I can think of few successions more unfortunate. A few years ago, the Senator was an obscure member of Congress, serving on its Un-American Activities Committee. His activity in the Hiss case led to his rapid rise in political stature. In 1948, in a bitter Senate campaign in which China Lobby money was sent into California to back him, Nixon beat Helen Douglas, one of the most liberal Democrats in Congress. His senior colleague and patron is Senator Knowland, a staunch MacArthurite, sometimes known as "the Senator from Formosa." Before that victory, Nixon had been one of the authors of the Mundt-Nixon Bill, which was the precursor of the McCarran Act. He was chosen at Chicago because he might help the Republicans to carry the vital votes of California, because his nomination would help to heal the breach with the Taft wing, and because his appearance on the ballot would be an assurance that Eisenhower would stand no nonsense from Reds and Pinks. Disliking the excesses of McCarthyism, Eisenhower still felt the need to show that he was for rooting out "subversion." He may also have felt that Nixon's connection with the Hiss case would be an asset. The Republicans may decide not to use Governor Stevenson's character testimonial for Hiss as an open election smear. But the choice of Nixon is at least an implicit reference to it.

* * *

I see that Father Connell, the Dean of the School of Sacred Theology at America's Catholic University, has been as bothered as other Americans about flying saucers. Suppose they are piloted by Beings from space? What kind of beings are they, and how do they fit into Catholic cosmology? Well, Catholicism does not rule out the possibility of life on other planets. Anyone, says Father Connell, who lives there must fall into one of four categories. Like Man, Space Man may have fallen from Grace and been redeemed. Like an unbaptised infant, he may live a life of natural happiness after death, without beholding God face to face. Like the Fallen Angels, he may have sinned against God and have never been permitted to regain Grace. Or he may be like Adam and Eve, a dweller in a paradise where the forbidden fruit is untasted. If this is the case, of course, Space Man would be immortal, and no jet pilot could kill him. No doubt there are many who will be grateful for this guidance. To me it seems that Father Connell might just as well ask how many angels can dance on the rim of a flying saucer.

CRITIC

HORSE LAUGH

You ask, would I eat horse, dear?
I shudder at the thought.
The protest I endorse, dear
When hacks for meat are bought.
The horse-trade revelations
Demand new regulations—
The law is far too slow.
My answer is, of course, my dear,
Most definitely No.

Suppose a leg of foal, dear,
Were brought to me to carve,
Or even horse-rissole, dear—
Far rather I would starve.
I could not swallow horsemeat
As sausage, mince or forcemeat
Or succulent ragout—
I could not, on my soul, my dear,
Eat horseflesh—if I knew.

A plateful of roast horse, dear,
On principle I bar;
Each mouthful with remorse, dear,
My appetite would mar.
But since the horsemeat vendor
Sells nags as beefsteak tender,
Or chump-chops in a row—
If I have eaten horse, my dear,
I do not wish to know.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Economically, it is better to kill a load of passengers than to deliver them badly frightened at their destination. Mr. Peter Masefield has drawn attention to what he calls the "public forgetfulness factor," which allows the depressing effects of a fatal accident to be of short duration, but this is dependent to a large extent on the percentage of survival. A badly frightened passenger is a greater menace to sales than is the report of his demise, for in the first case the influence is continuous.—*Flight*. (J. M. Saunders.)

This is the British version of the U.S. invention, the inflatable bra. Each cup of the bra contains a plastic "bubble"—which, with the aid of an 8in.-long rubber tube, can be inflated to the size required.—*Daily Mirror*. (G. Unwin.)

A public school which stressed in its prospectus that it inculcated the Christian virtue of humility would not get anywhere.—*Hornsey Journal*. (S. B. Hamilton.)

Superior Orders

On May 14, 1952, the House of Lords debated a motion recommending a review of the section of the *Manual of Military Law* which deals with the laws and usages of war. The particular question at issue was that of "superior orders"—in other words, how far can a member of the armed forces be held responsible for an action, such as a war crime, committed on the orders of a superior? The difficulty here is that the interests of law and discipline conflict, since any hard and fast legal ruling is likely to interfere with military discipline; for where members of the armed forces are conscious of their legal position, they might question orders before obeying them.

The plea of superior orders may also be put forward as a defence by a person who, on account of his position, finds himself compelled to carry out illegal activities. Such a plea was made, at his trial before a British military tribunal, by Dr. Treite, the doctor at the notorious women's concentration camp of Ravensbruck—where Odette Churchill, G.C., was an inmate. The prosecution were, however, able to refute it, since they were able to prove that Treite's predecessor had protested so strongly against his appointment that he had been transferred elsewhere with no detriment to his career.

Allied to this is also the question of how high to go in the hierarchy of command before allocating responsibility. For example, in 1944, members of a German S.S. regiment received orders to suppress Resistance operations in the village of Oradour-sur-Glane. They surrounded the village, and after rounding-up its inhabitants took aside the men of military age and machine-gunned them, having first made them dig their own grave. They then locked the old men, women and children into the church and, setting fire to it, burnt them to death. In this case the private could plead that the sergeant told him to do it, the sergeant that he had received orders from the officers, the officers that they had received orders from the colonel, and he in his turn could say he had received instructions from higher authority. In point of fact, he had grossly exceeded his orders, and higher authority had been tragically at fault since there had been no Resistance activity in that village; it was mistaken for another Oradour. Who, in such a case, should be held responsible for the crime?

The whole concept of superior orders being a plea for defence has altered radically during the last forty years. At the outbreak of the First World War, the British *Manual of Military Law* laid down that a member of the armed forces ordered to commit violations of recognised rules of warfare was not a war criminal and should not therefore be punished, but the officials or commanders who had given the order were punishable. After the war, Hindenburg rendered the whole scheme of punishing war criminals ludicrous by publicly accepting responsibility for all criminal orders. Not only did he exculpate the Kaiser thereby, but he provided a legal defence for any who might be prosecuted. There was one interesting case, in this connection, which came for trial before the German Supreme Court at Leipzig, after it had agreed to try Germans accused of war crimes by the Allies. It was of the commander of a submarine which sunk the hospital ship *Dover Castle* in 1917. The officer was acquitted on the grounds that he had acted in obedience to superior orders, which by German law was a good ground for defence.

During the Second World War, circumstances induced a change of attitude as regards the plea of superior orders. Information received from Germany and the German-occupied countries revealed that heinous crimes were being committed by members of the armed forces obviously acting under orders and, moreover, that there existed certain organisations such as the Gestapo and the S.S., the whole purpose of which was to carry out criminal activities. In an endeavour to protect the peoples of the occupied countries from these crimes and also to encourage them to withstand Nazi pressure, leading Allied statesmen made public declarations from November, 1942, onwards that perpetrators of such crimes should receive just retribution and punishment. Yet such trials would be rendered senseless if in each case the prisoner pleaded superior orders.

Leading jurists from the countries overrun by Germany and Japan, as well as British and American lawyers, examined the legal position. It was found that military codes varied greatly—from the Norwegian, which held that orders from a superior were no excuse for war crimes, to the French, which regarded superior orders as a valid excuse. None of these codes had been framed to meet conditions such as those promoted by the Nazis, and it was generally agreed that, where an order given by a superior to an inferior within the normal course of his duty was not patently illegal, this should constitute a defence, having regard to the circumstances of each case; yet where the order was outside the normal course, was of an obviously criminal nature and refusal to obey it would not jeopardise the individual, the plea of superior orders was no defence. This latter category would include the instance quoted by Lord Jowitt in the House of Lords of a commanding officer saying to a private: "See that woman in the yellow dress? Shoot her! She is my mother-in-law!" It is interesting to note that in Germany itself Goebbels, one of the top-ranking Nazis, explicitly repudiated the plea of superior orders as being admissible in contemporary international law. He used this argument to justify the Nazi practice of shooting captured Allied airmen.

In 1944, the relevant section of the British *Manual* was amended, and it laid down that an action which was ordered was not thereby prevented from being a war crime. A court must, however, take into consideration the need to obey military orders which are not obviously illegal, though it should recognise that conditions of discipline in wartime do not allow opportunities for weighing degrees of legality. At the same time the United States *Rules of Land Warfare* were also amended. The new text stated that individuals who commit war crimes must be punished, but that the plea of superior orders might be considered as a defence or in mitigation of punishment.

When the Charters for the establishment of the International Military Tribunals at Nuremberg and Tokio for the trial of the German and Japanese major war criminals were drawn up, they contained similar provisions in regard to this plea. It was laid down that the fact that the accused acted on orders did not free him from responsibility but might be considered in mitigation of punishment. These were the lines also adopted for the other trials of war criminals during the post-war period and were embodied both in regulations for trials by the Allied courts in enemy territory and in the liberated countries.

It would appear, therefore, that the position at present is that a member of the armed forces is entitled to question orders which may be illegal in nature. But where do we go from here? How is a member of the armed forces to assess illegality? The whole position of the laws and customs of war under international law is so undefined that it is almost impossible for such a person to weigh how far he will be justified in laying himself open to trial for indiscipline by his own service, for fear lest he be tried as a war criminal by the enemy. What, for instance, would happen if a member of the crew of a bomber charged with dropping an atomic bomb on a densely populated city should decide that this action is contrary to the "general sentiment of humanity"—to use a phrase from the 1944 text of the British *Manual*—and accordingly refuse to fly? Is it likely that a man in such a position would consider adopting this attitude? Did the men who dropped the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki debate the pros and cons of their action under international law?

Moreover, what are the rules of international law as regards new methods of warfare, such as the atomic and napalm bombs? How can the individual soldiers, sailors and airmen know which orders to obey and which to refuse? It was stated in the House of Lords that Professor Lauterpacht of Cambridge University and other competent authorities, and persons of a similar quality in the United States, are now trying to draft new provisions for their respective manuals of military law to clarify the position. It can certainly be no easy task. E. M. Gould-Adams

'Planes Without Bombs—II.

Notwithstanding all the teething troubles through which the two airways Corporations have had to fight their way, they have given British civil aviation the reputation of being the best, the most efficient and the safest in the world. But that is not their only success. Last year British Overseas Airways made their first profit. Last year, too, British European handled 26 per cent. more traffic than the previous year, with only 11 per cent. more staff. They carried, in complete safety, 1,126,000 passengers—more than any other airline in the world outside the United States. This record of rapid and efficient growth makes nonsense of the Government's contention that British aviation will stand still unless private operators are brought in.

Amongst the many factors which have contributed to the expansion of the two Corporations, none is more important than the high morale of their managers, their technicians and their workers. An interesting, if specialised, manifestation of high working morale is the absolute passion for safe flying which permeates British airlines, from the boardroom down to the component stores. Not merely the crew cabins and the control rooms, but even the maintenance hangars, are peopled by technicians, inspectors and engineers who are fanatics on safe flying. The meticulous care which goes into the various stages of maintenance and overhaul; the testing and checking and recording and rechecking of every single part down to the humblest bolt; the detective work of tracing through every one of the 500 electrical gadgets and every foot of the several miles of cable in a modern aircraft—all these have taken on, in British airways, the solemnity of an act of corporate devotion.

This passion for safe flying in the Corporations is only one evidence of a spirit which permeates both the organisations; and that spirit is a burning desire on the part of almost all the personnel to make the Corporations successful and profitable. Many of the workers, of all grades, study the monthly traffic and trading accounts as closely

as if they were members of the Board. In a fairly long and wide business experience I have never come across any other enterprise, either public or private, with such a highly developed esprit-de-corps as in British airlines.

That spirit—the most valuable asset of all—is what the present proposals of the Government are breaking down. Because of these proposals, everybody in air transport is in a state of uncertainty; and there is already evidence that working morale is suffering. The minutes of a recent meeting between B.O.A.C. and the unions record that both sides were conscious that

> if the Corporations were going to have a continued atmosphere of instability, then staff morale would inevitably suffer badly, with the result that they would be prevented from obtaining the productivity which was essential to achieving and maintaining solvency.

What makes the matter even more serious is that this dislocation in the industry could not have come at a worse time. Just at this moment the Corporations are bringing into service some new and revolutionary types of aircraft, of which the Comet is only one example. The introduction of these aircraft creates a maze of new technical and organisational problems. In B.O.A.C. the whole organisation is divided not by functions but by aircraft types, and a completely new aircraft involves a mass of detailed work in technical planning and personnel training which starts a year or more before the new type comes into service. At this moment, above all, with all these problems being tackled by the airline workers, the Government ought to have left them undisturbed to get on with the job.

It is not surprising that the workers in the industry, and their trade unions, are reacting strongly against Mr. Lennox-Boyd's new proposals. They are a working force which has become accustomed to having a say in its own destiny, for civil aviation is an industry in which joint consultation has been considerably developed. The National Joint Council for Civil Air Transport is a formidable body which has managed, notwithstanding a few outbreaks of management-worker warfare, to establish good relations, and sometimes even a sort of working partnership, between the two sides of the industry. The sixteen trade unions on the Council have gone to a lot of trouble to make it work, and most of them devote more officer-hours per thousand members to airways than to any of the other industries they cover. This, then, is an industry in which, perhaps more than in any other, the views of the workers and of their representatives deserve the most careful consideration before any fundamental changes are made.

The trade union side of the Council has issued a statement condemning the Government's proposals, and that statement derives added weight from the fact that it avoids "politics" and confines itself to the industrial effects of the proposed changes. True, the Minister has argued that, even if there is some transfer of work between the Corporations and private companies, the global volume of employment available will not diminish, and therefore the workers will not suffer. He has equally argued that, as the Civil Aviation Act requires private employers to pay the same wages and give the same working conditions as the Corporations, no worker who becomes redundant in one of the Corporations and transfers to a private employer can be any worse off. Neither of these arguments is in practice soundly based. It is possible to evade the requirement of the Civil Aviation Act, that private employers shall not get their maintenance work done at cut prices. Indeed, a number of firms have been brought before the Industrial Court precisely for doing that.

Again, there is a serious defect in the idea that, if a worker loses his job in one of the Corporations, he can get a job with a private company somewhere else. Aircraft workers, like other workers, suffer from the comparative immobility imposed by shortages of houses and schools. Many of them have already suffered a great deal in this respect. A large number of the older and more experienced workers in the Corporations have had to make many moves, with all their inconveniences, in the last few years, as old bases have been closed and workers have been transferred to new ones. At the present moment there are some 800 employees of British Overseas Airways at Filton who, in the near future, have to be brought up to London Airport, with all the dislocation and trouble that involves. In the last year or two, with the increasing permanent concentration of work at London Airport, the aircraft workers were beginning to hope that they could abandon their Bedouin life.

It will be surprising if the workers in the aviation industry take all this lying down. Nobody can be sure whether they will use their industrial power to resist; but if they do, their action cannot be stigmatised as the use of an industrial weapon for political purposes. On civil air transport, the Government has taken a political decision. But some of the consequences of that decision are, first, that some of the industry's work will be done at lower wages than at present; second, that some men may be forced to give up their homes and move elsewhere; and, third, that some men will lose their jobs altogether. Men have a right to protest against that sort of thing, and to reinforce their protests by every means at their disposal.

In face of all these considerations, it will not be surprising if the Minister has second thoughts. Considerations of face-saving would, of course, prevent him from taking overt action to reverse his present policy, but he could easily reverse it in complete secrecy, by administrative decisions in his office and policy directives over the lunch-table. He may well come to the conclusion that surface transport will provide him with enough headaches for a while. He is going to have enough trouble steering his Transport Bill through the Commons, without creating more by charging into civil aviation like a bull into a control cabin.

IAN MIKARDO

Blood on the Beaches

EVERY warm week-end, thousands of people are cut by broken glass which has been left on the shores and commons, and in the rivers of our once-fair island. Tar on the beaches is bad enough: blood is infinitely worse. For numerous Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance volunteers, fine week-ends and Bank Holidays are a call to action stations rather than a cause for rejoicing. Posts are manned at danger points at coastal resorts and on river banks. There is not long to wait before the first casualties begin to arrive—the majority, blood-stained weeping children, frequently children whose whole, precious summer holiday has been ruined in that first five minutes of carefree, barefooted scampering.

Statistics are difficult to find but, when found, are shocking. Take the hot Sunday of June 29 this year. At the St. John's hut on Petersham meadow, on the banks of the Thames at Richmond, 66 people were treated for lacerations from broken glass within the course of *six hours*. That was not a record: last year, on a comparable Sunday, this team dealt with just over one hundred cases in one afternoon. All these injuries had taken place within a few hundred yards of the first-aid post; many were sent by ambulance to the local hospital. Simultaneously, in Westcliff-on-Sea, at the "quiet end of the town," the Red Cross treated 40 broken glass cases; and, at the "busy end," St. John's neared the 100 mark that afternoon.

Porthcawl's newly opened beach hut has treated nearly 400 cases in its first month of duty and, at Margate, the Red Cross handled 583 broken glass cases last year; their Commandant reports that these cuts take place in spite of "an outstandingly excellent band of beach inspectors and attendants who are constantly scouring the beach for glass." She adds: "It seems that nothing but a fine on the spot will cure a certain class of holiday-maker who cares for nothing but selfish pleasure." Recently observing a group of lads piling bottles in a heap on the sand, she was impressed at such unusual tidyness. A few moments later, however, the boys started throwing stones. When the last bottle had been reduced to razor-edged fragments, they turned away to go home, having extracted the ultimate dreg of pleasure from their outing at the seaside. Reports from the R.S.P.C.A., Red Cross, St. John's and local authorities from all parts of Britain repeat her story—an inspector at Southend adding that boys delight in smashing bottles, not only against the seawall, but *into the swimming pool itself*. One of the loveliest spots for inland swimming in the home counties, Virginia Water, was closed to the public two years ago because of the numerous and appalling injuries suffered by bathers and paddlers in the lake. One woman, I was told, had to have a foot amputated. The cause, once again, was said to be due mainly to youths throwing discarded bottles in the water—shying stones at the bobbing target. The Lancashire coast appears to be a black spot; the County Red Cross report that 90 per cent. of all injuries treated at their beach huts are caused by broken glass.

The evil extends to animals; not infrequently dogs have to be destroyed owing to incurable injuries received from broken glass. Cattle suffer, too—cows often being cut on mouth or udder by glass. Every dry summer, forest fires break out, endangering homes, and causing severe financial, as well as aesthetic loss. Those outbreaks are, as often as not, caused by heat refraction from glass abandoned by careless picnickers. As every motorist is aware, city streets are littered with broken milk bottles on a scale unknown before the war, and damage to tyres is heavy.

What can be done to stop this yearly toll of bloodshed and destruction? Remedies fall into two groups, short and long term, educational and preventative. First, the lethargic public conscience should be aroused by every available medium of publicity: press, pulpit, B.B.C., schools, and cinemas—each has its role to play. Local Councils might also form squads of boys and girls equipped with protective gloves to scour beach and countryside, with prizes to teams bringing in the largest hauls. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents could certainly, without overstraining its resources, step up its poster campaign—and pester Parliament, and the slacker local authorities, into taking action. Incidentally, Richmond, one of the "model" Councils, suffers heavily from being a favourite playground for Londoners. (Practically all the victims at Petersham meadow are from London; the "locals" have learnt to take care.) Clearing countless tons of litter and broken glass, the Council salvages intact, in an average year, 4,000 milk bottles, and 5,000 mineral bottles. At one

period, immediately after the war, they were forced to employ squads of men to rake daily the edges of the river bed for broken glass.

Long-term inquiries should be started to determine whether a really heavy deposit, say a shilling, cannot be charged on milk bottles—which are public enemy No. 1. And could not more mineral drinks and milk be sold in waxed paper cartons? Glass is particularly dangerous stuff, because, when broken, it keeps its cutting edge, if buried in river mud, for a century or more. Every effort should be made to replace glass by unbreakable plastics and paper wherever possible. Lastly, the question of crime and punishment should be reviewed. As one park superintendent said to me, "Apart from the difficulty of catching the culprits, the maximum punishment magistrates can at present impose is a fine of forty shillings. In my opinion," he continued, "the byelaws are hopelessly out of date, and an Act of Parliament ought to be put through at once raising the forty shilling fine to five pounds, to match the changed value of money since the war." Many would go further than this: louts "caught in the act" should be liable to short terms of detention—for they are guilty, potentially at least, of causing grievious bodily harm; unquestionably they are juvenile delinquents. In any case, fines on the spot should be introduced as soon as possible.

Meanwhile let parents insist that their children wear thick rope or cork-soled shoes, or at least stout gym shoes when paddling. The popular coloured rubber bathing shoe offers little or no protection—a St. John's Superintendent told me that one of the worst casualties he has seen consisted of a deep gash in the foot of a three-year-old girl who had been wearing such shoes. Above all, prevent children jumping or diving into rivers before making sure of the depth of water. Recently a number of people—adults and children—have suffered shocking head and body lacerations from diving on to the murderous edges of broken bottles.

At present, too much reliance is placed upon the efforts of public-spirited "amateurs." Apart from the excellent voluntary services of the Red Cross and St. John, who continue to perform valuable public work, many other groups of voluntary workers are hampered by lack of funds in attempting to preserve "public amenities." Oxshott Heath is a case in point. This favourite playground for Londoners is administered by a voluntary body dependent on subscriptions. A full-time warden is employed and a different part of the Heath is patrolled daily—a sackful of bottles being cleared each time. Such devoted work surely deserves official financial support. This summer, little can be done, but it is to be hoped that, during the coming winter, campaigns on a national and local level will be opened to remove blood, as well as tar, from our island shores.

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At the Mosque

THE weather had been very hot The fountain in the courtyard of the Shah Jehan mosque was dry; the crescent above the dome shone silver against a heavy blue sky; and the grass on the lawn was parched, despite the shadow cast by the great tent erected to accommodate the faithful who had converged from all parts of the country to celebrate Id-ul-Fitr. On the day of my visit, however, the rains had just begun. The sky was now grey and changeable, sometimes filtering the light, sometimes gathering force for a brief, soaking shower; the little minarets, washed for hours during the night, looked clean as new pins. Reminded of those greater buildings which bear the name of Shah Jehan, I half expected to see the slope beyond the mosque garden end in the flood of the Jumna, instead of in the electric line from London to Portsmouth.

The trees in this garden, however, were Surrey pines; the pale clean stone of the mosque had been quarried at Bath; and the Shah Jehan commemorated here was not the Emperor of many sorrows, but Her late Highness the Begum Shah Jehan, sometime ruler of Bhopal, who in 1889 gave the bulk of the money for a mosque to be built at Woking. "Why Woking?" is the question that many travellers must have asked themselves, catching a glimpse of that exotic bulbous dome as the train slows to enter one of the few adequately sign-posted stations on our railways. The answer lies in no Chestertonian paradox, no symbolism of the Hegira in the move that so many have made, after a lifetime of stock-broking, to the neighbourhood of the trim golf course and the private tennis court. It was Dr. Henry Leitner, a distinguished Orientalist of the Victorian epoch, who returned from his post at the University of the Punjab and decided to make East and West meet at the quiet country town which had been his boyhood home.

Dr. Leitner's scheme was ambitious. He bought a large tract of open country, now engulfed by the town, with the aid of donations from India, of which the Begum's was the largest. Here he planned to build a mosque, a Hindu temple and an Oriental College. But he died before work could begin on the temple or the college, and his heirs lacked sympathy and sold the land. The project survives only in the mosque and in the address of the suburban homes in Oriental Road. The mosque to-day is sandwiched rather sadly between the Railway Servants' Orphanage and a flexible cork factory.

That Woking never became an outpost of the East is rather to the advantage of the Moslems. Making the mosque a centre of their proselytising activity, they emphasise the universality of their religion, which makes no distinction of race or colour and welcomes to its fold the native of Esher or Worplesdon as readily as the Moor or the Javanese, the Nigerian or the Uzbek. The Woking Moslem Mission, in fact, was established in 1912 by Khwaja Kamal, the first Mohammedan missionary to Europe in modern times. He had the mosque, almost deserted since Leitner's death, restored and put into regular use. It has remained, says the account issued by the Mission, "a centre for the propagation of Islamic ideas and ideals to the English people, as well as the religious centre for the Moslems of the western world." Success in this propagation has been rather limited, quantitatively at all events. Two thousand English people have embraced Islam in forty years. However, just because there is no question of being *dans le mouvement*, conversion tends to be permanent and lapsing rare. At this year's celebration of Id, two converts "came to the microphone and announced their acceptance of Islam amid very warm cheers." The Literary Trust attached to the Mission has issued a steady stream of books and pamphlets, as well as a monthly journal, *The Islamic World*. It also recommends a list of books by non-Moslem authors, among which I noticed *Heroes and Hero-Worship* and *The God that Failed*.

As a centre for Moslems resident in this country, Woking is definitely established. When one remembers that there are nearly fifty thousand Moslems, or nominal Moslems, in Great Britain, the provision of mosques seems surprisingly inadequate. There are two at Cardiff; there is one in Putney, but it belongs to a small sect and most believers do not pray there; in Stepney and Manchester there are buildings adapted for use as mosques; and there is Woking. Just before the last war, a site in Kensington was earmarked for a London mosque; but, what with post-war difficulties and rising prices, the project has been held up. So it is to Woking that the hired coaches and special trains run on the great occasions of the religious year. As many as fourteen hundred people gather in the marquee on the lawn. The mosque, designed by Leitner for the students at his Oriental College, doesn't hold more than fifty people at a time. It is to Woking, also, that visitors from the Moslem fifth of the world come to pay their respects: now an Indonesian diplomat, now a Sudanese delegation on its way to tour the Lancashire cotton mills, now Pakistani officers taking a course at Camberley, now a Minister in one of the federated republics of Yugoslavia. King Farouk has been to Woking, and so has the Emperor Haile Selassie. This Christian monarch came to receive a somewhat belated address of thanks for the shelter which Abyssinia afforded to Mohammedan refugees about a thousand years ago.

This year, in the last days of the great fast whose breaking is celebrated at Id, the first Moslem Congress in England was held. Delegates, says the report, were urged to co-ordinate their efforts on behalf of the faith and to make fuller use of the press, radio, and television. (The B.B.C. obligingly televised the Id festival.) English converts to Islam played a leading part in the proceedings, achieving a certain picturesque effect by discarding their Christian names. Thus, Lt.-Col. Abdullah Baines-Hewitt was appointed to the committee on religious charity, while Miss Fatima Baker-Davis advocated polygamy in Great Britain "under present conditions when there is a surplus of young women."

The Moslem religion has, strictly speaking, no priesthood, but prayers are led and sermons preached by a dignitary known as the Imam. One might say that, while having no mystical attributes or religious authority, he performs the social and moral duties of an English vicar of a French *curé*. The Imam of Woking, in view of the size of his parish, is more worthily compared to a bishop. Dr. S. M. Abdullah, a native of Lahore, has been preaching the word among

the infidel since 1928, when he became Imam of Berlin Mosque. This mosque never closed during the Nazi period and the war, despite occasional difficulties with the Ministry of Propaganda and Enlightenment. Having been only lightly damaged by bombs, it is functioning to-day. Dr. Abdullah, as a subject of the King-Emperor, had to go home in 1939, leaving a German convert in charge. In 1946 he came to Europe again and took up his duties at Woking. He is in general charge of the mosques of Berlin and Amsterdam as well as all those in this country, and makes regular visits to the whole lot. As for the Paris mosque, which is the largest in the Christian world, he is not responsible for it but takes a friendly interest in its affairs. At Woking he has a staff of two English Moslems and one Yugoslav.

Whether Dr. Abdullah would have preferred to have a Hindu temple for a neighbour rather than a flexible cork factory is one question I didn't ask him. MERVYN JONES

Red Strokes and Black Circles

ONE of my furtive pleasures is to turn back the pages of my class register and savour the over-and-done-with-ness of week after week of red strokes and black circles. It seems a queer thing to have produced, in a year's work, incidentally as it were—this red-black patchwork which records Johnny Green's presences and Tom Brown's absences and Willy Smith's visits to the clinic. For a whole year I have laboured to create this index of the educational activities of thirty eleven-year-old Londoners. To them, I am one of a line of "sirs" ("Ask sir!" "Sir will tell you": most endearing use of a potentially fearsome word). As, with a mixture of deference and exasperation, I have tried to stab with those names through the mildly inattentive hum that has become the music of my registrations, they have grown accustomed to me; and I have got surprisingly used to them. No: more than used to them. The sense of protective proprietorship that being a boy's form master can create is startling. "Is Jones one of your boys, Mr. R.?" "Yes"; and you settle back to defend, to expound, to be the fatherly authority. He is "your boy": if he falls over in the playground, he is brought to you; and it is to you that his passionately indignant, tranquilly inquisitive, or anxiously explanatory mother comes on her forays into this big worn box of green doors and dusty glass.

They become accustomed to me, sometimes, to the point of mischievous tolerance. For instance, my two Cypriots, Mediterranean-faced lads whose dark grins and inadequacy of English protect them, so far as I am concerned, from anything bordering on reprimand: once quietly, eagerly inquiring, they now have "old sir" well weighed up. They sit at the desk in front of my table, and their brown noses are never more than an inch from my register as I mark it: for some reason they regard my O's as very comical and laugh and jabber as each is inscribed. "Good old sorr!" (hoarse and Irish their Greco-Saxon). Impossible behaviour, of course, exceeded only by their delirious attempts to make me read their comics, admire the illegal darts they have made with my exercise paper, or mar by grinning some solemn moment of disciplinary passion. Old C. once took my form in my absence: and I daresay it was of my two dark grinners he was principally or essentially complaining when he told the staff room: "They were all over me. Climbed on my shoulders. 'Read us a story, sir.' I read them a story all right."

Or there's Willy F., whose record card is scrawled all over with the virginal squawks of his junior school mistresses: "Curries favour with teacher." Well, he does. He outrageously curried my favour (easily curried) on the first day, a grimy, tattered figure insidiously whispering, with something of the Eastern bazaar about him, that I must have my cupboard cleared up. Willy regards me as hopeless, a paragon of untidiness. His hand-wringing whisper is always at my ear: "Your cupboard, sir. Shall I stay behind and do it?" Never was tidiness more passionately preached by one more dishevelled. His very handwriting shows more disorganisation than my cupboard at its worst. What Willy really seeks is to have a "sir" in his power, and there, in his grubby grip, I (most of the time willingly) am—someone whom Willy, satisfying some obscure vital need, can hold up to the derision of the class. For that is what he does. I am his scapegoat, he is always, openly and loudly, ridiculing me via my cupboard; and I am certain old C. would have thrashed the life out of him by now.

"Willy F . . . Lenny G . . ." Lenny is my most backward boy: and my nicest natured. His face is big and pale and everything in it is slow and heavily quiet. His large clumsy body is jerked together by braces that tightly sustain his trousers at the height of his chest. Nothing swift ever happens in Lenny's neighbourhood, nor anything loud: there is just the heavy movement of his head, making a kind of laborious serenity in the room. He turns pale when other people would blush, and does this always when spoken to: and he guards my stock of pens as no other of my monitors has ever done. This may seem a simple feat; but pen-hunger is acute both among boys and staff—the former needing them for darts, or tending merely to wish to remove from circulation as many as possible of these most necessary instruments of education; the staff being driven to dishonest acts by scarcity. Even if there were no actual theft, there is something in school pens, a faculty of dissolving, that would quickly decimate my stock were it not for heavy, pale Lenny's unloquacious vigilance. He sits in class next to Brian B., a boy as sharp as Lenny is blunt, as quick as Lenny is slow; but a boy driven in on himself, easily offended, impotent, who finds, perhaps, in Lenny's real impotence a consoling reflection of his own, which an unhappy family life has created.

"Tom Y . . . Fred Z . . ." Very soon I shall have recorded the last red strokes and black circles, and my grubby register will go to whatever place is reserved for it: to some huge dim office, I imagine, where seedy statisticians will brood over it, making deductions of which (thank goodness) we shall never hear. And my boys will cease to be my boys; the last traces of technical infancy will disappear from their faces (already more solid, larger than a year ago); they will pass into the second year and the street corner will shape their spines (slight slouch); they will tie their ties differently ("You want to wear it in a Windsor, sir"); the wide boy and the spiv will become their ideal; and someone else will make a red-and-black-print of their attendances and their (increasing) absences. I wonder why I wonder what my new boys will be like. Only the names in the register will be different. S. I. R.

GOING ON HOLIDAY?

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Ravening Lion

A FEW days ago I took a long tram ride to the edge of Rome to visit a witch. Signora E, a Roman friend, was my guide and the witch, known to her clients as La Gina, was one she had consulted over a year ago. My friend is a very devout Catholic and regards her visits as sinful but irresistible. She was about to make an appointment for herself when it occurred to her that I might like to sneak a glance into the mists of the future, so she telephoned me and I accepted.

The appointment was for seven, and we arrived a minute or two before time. This part of Rome is being rapidly built up as a working-class suburb: the witch's street is a bleak geometric gorge of new apartment buildings. The road is still scarred with trenches filled in over cables, new drains and the like. The witch's ground floor appartment is in what is left of an old building which is sandwiched between a dreary tenement a few years old and a new one not yet completed. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if Gina owns that new building—she is fabulously wealthy, everybody says. She owns property in different parts of Rome," my guide told me.

The door gave directly into a tiny room a step below street level. A round table occupied the centre of the floorspace, two narrow divans were provided for customers to sit on, and a huge, shoddy wardrobe and two or three pieces of furniture piled on top of one another occupied all the space available besides the space used by Gina and the client facing her over a narrow table whose single drawer is Gina's cashbox. The witch and her current client are hidden from the rest of the room by an ancient screen. As we entered Gina threw her head back, recognised Signora E, and said that it would be forty minutes or more before she could attend to us. "But we have an appointment," Signora E protested. Gina was unimpressed. "If you come in forty minutes there will be no waiting. That's the advantage of having an appointment," she announced, as though stating an axiom of business practice. Signora E muttered a formal protest, Gina smiled and disappeared behind the screen again, and we decided to retire to a local café and wait it out.

A stout little peasant woman and her twelve-year-old daughter ran the coffee machine and sold the sweet liqueurs and vermouth in the first possible café we found. As we waited for our coffee Signora E told me of the amazing things the witch had been able to say a year before, some of which had since been proved exactly correct by the event. I was inclined to be sceptical. "As a Scotsman and a good Protestant," I said, "I'm accustomed to hand-to-hand battles with the Devil. A Scotsman is born with a long spoon in his mouth, though it may not be silver." This sounded so strange in Italian that I had to go into long explanations. When I had got that straightened out, I went on, "I hope you include these visits of yours in your confessions. As you say, they are very sinful indeed."

"*Si, certo!*"

"Of course there are really two ways of looking at it in Italy," I went on. "The practices of Christianity, particularly here in the South, are quite paganistic, so they may find room for a little non-clerical witchcraft without making any bad blood between the clerical professional and the negligible band of diabolical amateurs, who are after all only the unassimilated husk of an ancient cult—or of various ancient cults. By that interpretation of the Church's tolerance, your only sin is that you are consulting amateurs, quacks instead of sound, certificated professionals."

"Oh dear no!" said the Signora, shocked by the blasphemy of my argument. "Priests don't pretend to foretell the future."

"To fry or fly: isn't that an important forecast to make? You Catholics seem to think that there's a special suburb of Heaven ready for you whatever you do. Hell is out of the question. What Italy needs is another Savonarola. Burn the witches. Fear Hell, the wrath to come, and so on and so on. Instead of that, your smug rich Church here meets the challenge of the political Left, according to the clerics to-day dangerous heretics, with excommunication and picnic parties at election time. The rich are all the same, whatever the cloth they wear."

"Are you serious?"

"If your friend La Gina is accumulating property out of the wages of devilment, she is putting herself in very good Christian company. I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that the Church owns the land under her apartment building. Somebody has to pay for the picnics and the overstaffed bureaucracy of salvation; and after all, what La Gina has to offer has a great deal in common with the offering of the Church . . ."

"No, no, no! I won't have it," said the Signora; "You're baiting me, and you're talking the most awful nonsense."

"My dear lady, you have just told me that you believe that La Gina really has the power to measure or describe some part of your journey between now and eternity, a power which must be either divine or demonic, and here you are waiting to see the lady again. Why?"

"You take it all too seriously."

"You certainly don't take it all as a joke, Signora. You told me you found it sinful but irresistible."

"Yes, but what she says is unimportant. It doesn't really affect my religious faith."

"You shock me. You show a terrible disrespect for the Devil, Signora, a character whom St. Paul described as going about the world seeking whom he may devour. It is a bad mistake, and I'm far from sure that your Church isn't setting you the bad example you follow. It is in such a terrible state, it seems to me, that it either enjoys being devoured or is unaware that the process is going on. And when I said that there were two ways of looking at this business of the tolerance of witches, I meant that the other way of looking at it was from this standpoint: the Church is too busy cementing its alliance with the money-changers—in any temple anywhere—to bother about a witch or two. Or to bother very much about its own spiritual regeneration, for that matter, though pity help the likes of you and me if ever it did."

"You can only see the Church as a political force," said the Signora. "There's much more to it than that."

"In France, perhaps, in the United States, maybe, and very possibly in the Iron Curtain countries, but in Italy there isn't enough opposition. You know, the menace of Communism in this country may well be a menace to the political Church, to the accumulations of property, but I very much doubt if the Church Spiritual is so menaced. I think some of the young priests who took part in the Partisan movement have the same doubts sometimes. One or two of them I knew in '45 and '46 certainly did, and deplored the stupidity of the Church in politics."

"But the politics are inseparable from the doctrine."

"That's something that will have to be unscrambled sooner or later, or Christianity will quite rapidly be discredited by its own priests and professors. In fact, it seems to me that the decline is well advanced in both Catholic and Protestant countries."

The Signora regarded this jeremiad as a pleasant way of putting in the forty minutes' wait with a mad but harmless foreigner, who was of course not a *cristiano*, and, although disturbing, was probably not too well informed. The fat peasant woman by the coffee machine overheard parts of the conversation and manifestly disapproved of us both. She possibly suspected us of slumming, or collecting rents, and we surely sounded disrespectful towards all she found respectable. She took our money a little sullenly and we went back to the consulting room of La Gina.

There had been three groups of customers when we left, and now, the last of them, two women in their late forties, was facing the future as muttered to them by the witch. Two new customers, a matron in her fifties and a young woman, occupied seats on either side of the table. They had evidently been sitting in silence for some time, partly because any conversation would have disturbed the consultation behind the screen, and partly because the present clients did not follow La Gina's example by muttering their side of the conversation. Everything they said was plainly audible to all the occupants of the consulting-room.

It was soon evident that a close relative, possibly the husband of one of them, was very ill, might be dying, and both women were anxious to know what prospects there were of recovery. We gathered that Gina thought that the prospects were good, and this, to the surprise of all present, possibly excluding Gina, dismayed the ghoulish pair. Gina however could offer no better news of the vital matter. Finally she was paid, and the two women emerged. Gina was as good as her word; the other two customers had to wait, as they evidently had not made a previous appointment. My friend was summoned to the presence.

About the height of La Gina's ear as she sat, there was a telephone on a wall bracket. It rang constantly and was answered by Gina's slatternly daughter, who appeared from a back room (Signora E told me that La Gina has quite a large family, none of them, as far as she knew, witches or magicians). One of the telephone calls was from *la Marchesa*, with whom it appeared La Gina had an appointment that night. She was expected in the palace. La Gina had her daughter inform the noble lady that she was busy and would answer the summons later in the evening, not before nine o'clock, she thought. It was just after eight when Signora E sat down before the witch and the telephone rang again. This time La Gina answered it herself. Yes, nine o'clock would be fine—if the *Marchesa* sent the car for nine she would be ready. She smiled at the clients in the room, an enigmatic smile that might have been pride, or again might be intended to let them know that they were fools whose folly was shared by the cream of society.

After about ten minutes it was my turn. I sat down on the chair and gave Gina a "good evening." She made certain that I understood Italian and laid a grubby pack of long fortune-telling cards in front of me. "Cut!" she said. I put my right hand forward and cut the pack to the right. "No, no! The left!" she said. We began again and I got it right. She began to lay the cards out fanwise on the table in front of her, giving them all her concentration. When they were set she lifted a stub of pencil in her fat right hand and began to tap the cards in a curious rythmic way. This soon led to a character reading which had a hit-or-miss fairground quality. I was given three wishes and a Special Question. The session was over when she smiled and said, "Three hundred." I paid out the equivalent of about three shillings and rejoined my friend. It was not yet half-past eight when we stepped out into the street, but already a handsome Lancia with a weary-looking chauffeur was waiting at the door. "I hope nothing terrible happens to the *Marchesa*," I said with quiet seriousness.

Signora E rose to the bait. "I do hope not," she said, very concerned; and then realised that I had won. "Devil!" she said, "Devil!"

WILLIAM COOPER MAKINS

Marbled Ends

SOMEWHAT incongruously, it is to Letchworth—still self-consciously "new" Garden City, home of the makers of corsets and baby carriages—that you must go to visit the contemporary and, in England, practically sole exponent of an ancient craft evolved in Persia, established in 16th century Italy, and thence diffused, via Paris and Rouen, to Tudor London. Its local home is one of a thousand Letchworth villas; but it has, as the house agents say, a spacious garden, and in that garden, together with a book bindery where universities' incunabula, illuminated Rolls of Honour, authors' MSS. and the like are lovingly bound in vellum or morocco, there is a workshop devoted to the making of "dominos," those marbled papers which, for nearly four centuries, hand-binders have used for the sides and end-papers of books.

The early French *dominotiers* strayed from their last: aspiring to be illustrators, they took to producing hand-blocked papers depicting religious or comic scenes. Their piety or wit apparently called for explanatory captions, which involved them in charges of breach of the privileges of the Letter Printer's Guild. But with the introduction, early in the 17th century, of coloured inks, the strict marbler's craft throve and spread. It was, no doubt, one of the many craft "mysteries"; and there is record that, as late as 1724, two Londoners, Richard Redrich and Thomas Jones, obtained a patent for "veining and marbling" paper. The technique, presumably—there is no literature of the craft until 1884, when Joseph Halfer, a Budapest bookbinder, published a pamphlet describing his method—was much the same, 300 years ago, as it is to-day in the Cockerell *dominoterie* at Letchworth.

It has, in fact, a beautiful simplicity. A shallow tray, three feet by two, is filled with size made, usually, by boiling down carageen moss, that sun-bleached weed abounding on Galway and Kerry beaches. (The Persians and Italians probably used gum tragacanth). On the carefully skimmed surface of this viscous solution, little blobs of ink (they are really water colours in suspension) are dropped from the teeth of a long, widely spaced comb, each drop spreading into a circular blob nearly an inch in diameter. Rings are formed, if desired, by a tiny drop of diluted ox-gall, or, if oxen are scarce, just Lysol, on the blob's centre. Then a comb, its tooth-spaces proportioned to the proposed pattern, is drawn—slowly or quickly, for different effects—down through the blob, just touching the surface: the result is a galaxy of hearts with comet tails. Shift the comb a little to right or left; draw upwards through the hearts: behold, chevrons. Draw again, this time across the tray: aspidistras or pine trees—depending on the comb's teeth—emerge: their tips can be curled by the touch of a short comb into the sort of dancing sea wave which the Fiddler of Dooney evoked. Or, if you prefer diamonds, a zig-zag draw will so transmute your chevrons.

Child's play, you will say: all that remains is to lay gently on the bath a Royal-size (25in. × 20in.) sheet of paper previously damped with a

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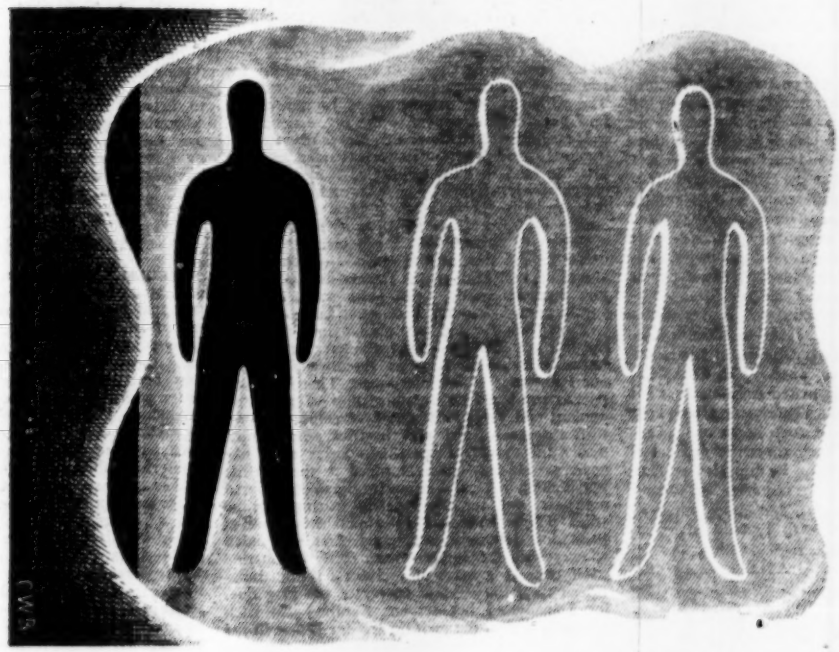

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solution of alum to act as a mordant; if you are careful to see that there are no bubbles of air between paper and "inked" surface, you have your sheet of *papier marbré*. Relying on the principle of surface tension, you have transferred floating colours to paper. Indeed, with a little assistance from Mr. Will Chapman, Cockerell's head marbler, I managed to produce a tolerable, fluttering bordered handkerchief, decorated with what I still insist were Lancastrian roses. But this was uninhibitedly free-hand work in only two colours—a doodler's gift for the psychoanalyst. To produce, for binders' needs, several hundred practically identical sheets of controlled patterns in three colours—each sheet requiring a fresh patterning on the size—is a very different story; and I salute Mr. Chapman's craftsmanship. And this is a craft which has developed with the passage of time. The early imitators of marble seemed to have splashed their colours on their size with a brush, "blowing out" a blob here and there with ox-gall to make the circling veins. Today, with a score of differently toothed combs, producing artlessly delicate scrolls and twirls and Blakeish curves, the range of patterns—some traditional, some modern adaptations—is immense; and usage has extended from end-papers to (very attractive) pleated lamp-shades.

These are Mr. Cockerell's one concession to commercialism. For the rest, he remains, like his father, the compleat hand-binder of fine books, the artist-craftsman *pur sang*. Yet Cockerell's once received, like an uninvited Annunciation, the impact of Big Business. There came a telephone call from Elstree or some such home of Cinema. Could marbled paper, each sheet the product of patient hand-craftsmanship, be supplied at short notice to simulate flooring required for *Cæsar's Love Life*? "Certainly; but how much?" "About two acres." I wish I could have seen William Chapman's face.

Letchworth, August. AYLMER VALLANCE

The Arts and Entertainment

DIE LIEBE DER DANAE

The Love of Danae was completed in 1940, two years before *Capriccio*; but it is the last of Strauss's fifteen operas to be publicly performed. The composer was for long disposed to hold back the production of so elaborate a work until after the war. In 1944, however, he yielded to the persuasions of Clemens Krauss, and allowed it to be prepared for the Salzburg Festival of that year. Rehearsals were far advanced when the "total war" decree of Goebbels closed all the German theatres, and *Danae* received only a public dress rehearsal in the presence of the composer. For the *Welturauffuhrung* of August 14, 1952, Salzburg and Dr. Krauss have again joined forces, and with the happiest results.

The plot of the opera is an ingenious fusion of two independent myths: that of Midas, whose touch turns everything to gold, and that of Danae, wooed by Jupiter in a shower of golden rain. The notion was born in the fertile brain of Hugo von Hofmannsthal; but when he proposed it to Strauss in 1920, the composer was busy with other projects. Joseph Gregor's libretto derives only in part from Hofmannsthal's posthumously published sketch; however inferior we may find his literary style to that of the master, we can hardly deny the skill and theatrical effectiveness of his work. The Danae of the opera is the daughter of a bankrupt king: emotionally unawakened, she has been visited in sleep by a mysterious shower of golden rain. But Jupiter is not content with this impersonal golden embrace, and has laid a plot by which he hopes to capture the heart of Danae in the shape of a mortal lover. He bestows upon Midas, a Syrian donkey-driver, the golden touch, and places him on the throne of Lydia as the richest king in the world—but with one condition; that at any moment the god may assume the shape of the mortal king. Midas is sent ahead, in the role of a humble envoy, to prepare Danae for her royal wedding; the two mortals fall in love, and Danae is faced with the choice between Olympian splendour and simple human happiness. She chooses Midas, even when stripped of his wealth; and Jupiter is forced to recognise that mortal happiness, fragile and fugitive as it may be, is something which the gods can never know. This subtle conception of Jupiter, half serious and half ironical, is Gregor's main contribution to the plot, and it provides Strauss with the opportunity for another of his characteristically nostalgic endings. The resigned and magnanimous Jupiter of the final pages is first cousin to the Feldmarschallin.

It is the great virtue of this clever libretto that it abounds in opportunities for extended music of just the kind that most appealed to the 75-year-old composer. Thus we have an orchestral interlude depicting the fall of the golden rain, brilliant choruses to greet Jupiter-Midas as he arrives in a ship with golden sails, the adornment of the bridal chamber, a central episode in which the kiss of the real Midas turns Danae—temporarily—into a golden statue, a humorous scene between Jupiter and Mercury, a celestial banquet, and, to crown all, the tenderly human love music of the last act. To these opportunities Strauss has responded very much as we should expect from our knowledge of his later work. That is to say, he has produced an unfailing flow of beautiful, opulent and variegated sound, revealing at every turn a degree of skill and theatrical sense which makes most current opera composers seem like novices. He has again indulged to the full his two lifelong musical passions for the multicoloured orchestra, and for the lyrically soaring soprano voice. The second scene of the opera shows both at their most delicately voluptuous: first, the golden shower with the Jupiter-theme softly insinuating itself beneath a maze of orchestral tintinnabulations; then the ecstatic curves of the long duet for Danae and her servant Xanthe. In such passages, and in the melting aria for Danae in the last act, the soprano lines curve across the page like the festoons and swags of baroque decoration. This decorative late manner of Strauss is certainly not without an element of monotony: his own touch is apt, no less, to turn everything into gold, submerging his characters and his scenes in a radiance of continuous euphony. All this we have felt before, and in *Danae* we feel it again yet it is pleasant, even moving after years in the arid deserts of modern opera, to rest once more in the green shade of this familiar oasis.

As often before, Strauss has been more successful with his heroine than with his male characters. Midas's music remains a little stiff, without the human warmth which is needed for the contrast with impervious Jupiter. Jupiter himself was perhaps the biggest problem for the composer, who had to find a language capable of expressing his grandeur, his Lucianesque absurdity and his final magnanimity. For the more elevated and emotional side of the god's character, Strauss has relied on a modified Wagnerism, more fluid, more supple, more lyrical; this works fairly well, but the Wagnerian bass-baritone voice jokes with difficulty, and in the lighter moments we are likely to think, once or twice, ruefully, of Offenbach. If these semi-burlesque scenes were nevertheless a great success, it was largely thanks to the four Queens, Jupiter's discarded mistresses—a happy invention of Hofmannsthal which has been developed by Gregor and Strauss with great verve and invention. The flowing semi-quaver figure as they deck the bridal bed anticipates the light-fingered style of the late Oboe Concerto; and the Banquet Scene—an alfresco party in which Jupiter gently resists their renewed advances—is filled with a sunny, good-natured musical charm which is irresistible. The ladies sing a round which flows like nectar.

The performance, with splendid Pompeian settings by Emil Preetorius, was a fine one, above all in the rich, yet delicate fabric of sound spun by the Vienna Philharmonic under Clemens Krauss. The cast was dominated by the commanding and discreetly humorous Jupiter of Paul Schöffler. Josef Gostic used his strong tenor to good effect as Midas. The Danae was Annelies Kupper. In the first act the palpitation in her voice was so heavy that it seemed as though she was going to throw away the wonderful opportunities of her part; and at this point she contrasted unfavourably with the fresh clarity of Anny Felbermayer's Xanthe. But as the evening advanced she rallied, and in the last act she gave us some radiant singing, with memorable pianissimo B flats.

In a letter to Krauss of 1946, indefinitely postponing the première of *Danae*, Strauss added that in five or ten years' time, he would be in a position to dispatch Mercury in person with a first-night telegram of good wishes. Let us hope that reply-paid facilities are available on Olympus, for the news from Salzburg augurs well for the future of his posthumous child.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

AMATEUR SHAKESPEARE

WHETHER Shakespearean production is, in our day, better than it has ever been, it is certainly true that more people enjoy Shakespeare on the stage than ever did before. Naturally these casual enjoyers do not realise how much of their enjoyment they owe to the ferocity of sectarians who have been battling in the last half-century for a purer and ever purer doctrine of Shakespearean production, and who have, for all the silliness of their extremes, made many advances which have been incorporated in the general practice. It is comforting, all the same, to reflect that extremists seldom, if ever, get all they want. For if the Shakespearean lunatic fringes really gained control, what straits we should be in! Shakespeare would only be licensed in replicas of the original Globe Theatre: boys would naturally take over all the women's parts (this was held to be essential by even so sober a judge as Herbert Farjeon): performances would take place only in daylight: no single line would ever be cut: the actors would be confined to the histrionic conventions which we have discovered the Elizabethans used: and the language would be pronounced in the sixteenth-century fashion which would make the plays finally unintelligible. Even then would the purists be content? I'm afraid not. Our genteel actors—all ladies and gentlemen if not dames and knights—would have to be reformed back into rogues and vagabonds. Nor would our solemn, owl-eyed audiences do at all. Stampers, shouters and orange-sellers would have to be introduced among them, and the morning queue from Bow Street be diverted to the wooden benches, until in the end the reformers would achieve their hearts' desire: the theatres would once more be closed down.

Among the Shakespearean sects the Marlowe Society of Cambridge (who last week gave a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Scala) is one of the more specious. Their dogma is not extreme. It has, on the contrary, a surface reasonableness. It is that Shakespeare is, after all, poetry, and that the poetry "works" the play. Only learn to speak the poetry correctly (and this, as the Marlowe Society shows, amateurs can learn) and there you are, the trick is done, the play will work. Fond illusion! And though it is an illusion which can also make an assimilable contribution, it remains, however refreshing it is to hear verse well spoken, an illusion. It is admirable to see a production which so arranges it that when Juliet is to declaim her night passage or Mercutio to speak the Queen Mab speech, there they are, respectively, spotlighted centre-stage speaking them. But, alas, at the very same moment one is made acutely conscious of the fact that the voice is only the leading instrument in declamation and that there has to be the accompaniment, as it were, played by the body and the

hands; and if this is awkward and stilted, as it usually is with amateurs (for acting is a craft that needs learning and practise like any other), then one is distracted from the speaking, however good, and we are back where we started. The theory, in fact, holds good only in radio work. Professionalism, except perhaps from children, that is what one demands for the stage. It may be true that one misses that too often in the speaking of the professionals themselves, but in the amateurs one misses it, fatally in my view, in their acting. And this was demonstrated with the Marlowe Society, it seemed to me, in the one detail of its acting which had a professional gloss. Evidently these young men have been properly taught how to fence. And, in defiance of their theory, it was not with their speaking but with their fighting that their production came bursting into life.

Nor can the difficulty be got round by reducing the action to a minimum as their second production (*The Family Reunion*) demonstrated. This year at the Bristol Old Vic Mr. Denis Carey staged a production of this play which, although it attacked the piece from a quite different theory, resulted in a production very much stiller than the Marlowe Society's, and one consequently in which the poetry told much more effectively. But it would need a far higher degree of skill and control than these clever amateurs could command to achieve that high degree of formalised "non-acting."

Their *Romeo and Juliet*, by the way, which has been promoted for one week to the Phoenix Theatre, is performed uncut, "for the first time (perhaps) since the closing of the Theatres in 1642," to quote a programme note. To play the plays complete is one of the more useful functions a University group can perform, for it enables us to keep an eye on the excisions of professional producers. In this case it enabled us to realise just how badly the play does require cutting. Friar Lawrence's long, long re-telling to the Duke of all that we have seen pass before our eyes for the last hour is only one of the *longueurs* of the uncut version. On the other hand, the short comic conversation between the musicians after Juliet's entombment is a superb little scene. It should be at once restored to all professional productions.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

AUGUST or no, the Drama Department is showing at the moment neither idleness nor frivolity. The Saturday Night play itself (*The Watcher in the Wings* by Susan Ertz) had a notably sound and vivid quality; its dialogue and casting making it not only good theatre but humanly plausible. The two chief serious plays, however, came from France. One, *The Blasphemer* on the Third (translated from Thierry Maulnier's *Le Profanateur* by Christopher Sykes) was a recent Paris theatrical success in the current historical-philosophical manner. The setting was thirteenth-century Mantua; the theme, the conflict of loyalties to Pope or Emperor; the God-resisting Count, lonely, sardonic and courageous, the magnetic central figure. All this made a rich dramatic setting for the talk—long discussions of moral issues which (as in a Browning poem) took nothing from the implications of colour, movement and scenery in Val Gielgud's presentation. Throughout, in fact, from the galloping of horses with which the play begins to the impressive *finale*—death and no forgiveness—the production had a vigorous, uncompromising quality which is quite unusual on the air.

The second, *The Funeral Pyre* (Gabriel Marcel's *La Chapelle Ardente*), produced by Raymond Raikes on the Home Service, was a good if painful play (written a few years after the 1914 war and full of its echoes) about vampire and victim in French family life; it was so well done that we were left for some time with the implied future of the terrible mother and her circle after their final words. This is partly because, unlike many plays today, it had more affinity to the novel than to the short story. The

Scene reconstructed by Ben Carruthers

WHEN IT FIRST OPENED ITS DOORS, in 1894, to post-graduate students from other universities, the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge granted them a greater privilege than anyone suspected. Only three years later their brilliant leader, Professor J. J. Thomson, announced that his experiments with cathode rays had revealed ". . . matter in a new state . . . in which the subdivision of matter is carried very much further than in the ordinary gaseous state. . . ." With this discovery of the electron, as it is now known, came the dawn of the atomic age — an age which has already transformed science and industry — giving us such wonders as television and the electron microscope — and has provided a vast new source of power. How rich were the closing years of the nineteenth century in great names and great beginnings! It was also in 1894 that Albert E. Reed took over an almost derelict straw paper mill to make super-calendered newsprint and other printing papers. Acquiring and revitalising other paper mills with remarkable energy and foresight, he founded one of the world's largest paper-making organisations. And at the five mills of the Reed Paper Group — where giant modern machines produce every day hundreds of tons of newsprint, kraft, tissues and other papers — his pioneering spirit is kept alive in ceaseless technological research.

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PIONEERS IN MODERN PAPER TECHNOLOGY

characters grew, showed change; particularly in Sarah Leigh's thoughtful performance as the chief sufferer, the young girl Mireille.

I do not enjoy this kind of theme—until I am embarked on it, that is, when I am carried along by its truth. But then, how many anticipations, many of them all too just, can discourage the potential listener. Turning the *Radio Times*, I view with unresponsive eye a cast of ancient Greek or Biblical names; or in which the illustrious dead (Johnson, Emily Brontë, a Queen or two) are raised to life, in speech and behaviour wholly at the mercy of the author's taste. The Maugham play I know in advance will taste of wormwood, always the same wormwood, too. Except for its incidental music I cannot happily listen to broadcast Elizabethan drama; magnificence and confusion are, in this context, inseparable. Nor can I give concentrated attention to plays whose characters employ, with the frequency of a nervous *tic*, the playwright's obsessional word "darling." (But one cannot be armed in advance against this; it occurs in historical settings too.) Plays whose heroines are middle-class wives with no apparent interests, occupation or personality, lead us either to sentiment or neurosis (according, on the whole, to wavelength and hour of presentation). Plays about people at work (nurses, engineers, detectives) may likewise do so, but they have the tremendous advantage of keeping their characters occupied most of the time in a diverting way. (I exclude drama about novelists, artists or interior decorators; this is a form of literary incest to be shunned.) Finally, one notes how few serious English plays today (though they are still being written on the Continent) are about contemporary middle-class family life. Does it exist at all? Are we to believe that *Dear Octopus* and *Quiet Week-End* are its last and standard portraits?

It was very pleasant to hear on the air again a marshland tale by S. L. Bensusan—though not read by the author, alas, nor by a reader acquainted with the East Anglian dialect which is so much a part of the Bensusan story. Firmly clinging to two or three standardised forms (roughly off-Wessex, off-Mercian and off-Northumbrian) both actors and producers are most oddly insensitive about reproducing local English as it is spoken. East Anglian, in spite of its pleasing tune and highly individual flavour, is practically never heard at all. In last week's instalment of *No Name*, for instance (it is my only criticism of this excellent serial) the Aldborough postmaster was clearly a foreigner to the district. And I have never yet heard a Peggotty who could have come from anywhere nearer to Yarmouth than Gloucestershire.

The B.B.C.'s report (on Sunday evening) of the Devon floods, compiled from various recorded accounts, was dignified and simple as well as being graphic and informative. The line between one sort of reporting and another is hard to lay down: but this was in noticeable contrast to the shrill manner of certain newspapers to whom, it must be admitted, disaster is primarily a headline story.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"The Little Man" and "Family Circus," at the Academy
"The World in His Arms," at the Odeon, Leicester Square

Only a cartoon lifts one briefly this week from the summer doldrums. *Family Circus* is another example of the work of the U.P.A. group, whose *Gerald McBoing Boing* and series of adventures featuring the genuinely eccentric Mr. Magoo have been greatly enjoyed. Here, a little girl grows naughty on the arrival of a baby brother, who monopolises father's affections; grimacing furtively in hallways, hiding under beds, smashing baby's present that she thought was intended for her, driving golfballs down the sink, the unhappy child threatens to become a Charles Addams monstrosity. Father discovers, however, from her dramatic scribblings on the nursery wall—animated into a charming fantasy interlude—the pangs of jealousy she is undergoing. This witty essay in Freud without tears ends in a touching reconciliation.

The top half of the Academy bill, a four-year-old Italian film, *Anni Difficili*, retitled *The Little Man*, is altogether less congenial. Luigi Zampa, the director of *Vivere in Pace* and *Angelina*, applies his familiar bittersweet formula to the predicament of a humble civil servant in Sicily during the years of Fascism. The little man joins the blackshirts and attends party functions in the Thirties in order to keep his job and family; his wife, who admires Mussolini's road-building programme, approves; the Spanish, Abyssinian and World wars overtake them in pieced-together newsreel shots; and when defeat finally approaches, local Fascist officials—all shown as corrupt, ineffective and laughable—prepare for American liberation by turning into anti-Fascists. Only the little man, it seems, is not smart enough to do this. When peace comes, his son has been killed, his country ravaged, and he loses his job because he was a Fascist.

There is obviously material in this for a good satire, but Zampa, playing for laughter and tears, produces a film with no convictions of any kind at all. The conception seems as scruffy as the execution; the real issues—the little man's feeling about Fascism, about the succession of wars—are absent. Fascists are portrayed as buffoons, yet they lead their country to disaster; opposition is apparently confined to a few garrulous, elderly liberals in a chemist's back parlour; and there is a sub-plot generous with pathos about the little man's son called-up to fight in Russia on his wedding day. The final irony of the little man, politically disinterested and innocent, paying while the guilty and corrupt escape, might have had force if the film had anywhere suggested that his fate was typical and that Fascists were not simply effete and self-important bourgeois in uniform. As it is, one simply regrets, at the end of an unprincipled little film, that the unlucky Piscitello wasn't a little brighter and couldn't wangle himself out of the Party as he wangled himself in.

A few weeks back, Tsarist agents were shown in *California Conquest* to be plotting to obtain for their master that stronghold of the West; now, in *The World in his Arms*, Tsarist Russia has to be thrown out of Alaska in the 1860s since it is exploiting the seals. There is a romance, too, between an American seal-poacher (Gregory Peck) and a fugitive Russian countess (Ann Blyth), constantly braving death and whippings for each other. Specialists may enjoy Miss Blyth's Countess Marina Selanova, loveliest flower of a noble though tottering dynasty, played just like any other of the richest girls on the campus, in spite of the Slav motifs in her bodice.

GAVIN LAMBERT

Contemporary Lithographs at the Arts' Council, St. James's Square

These seventy prints by seventy contemporary painters and sculptors from sixteen different countries are a selection from the Biennial of Lithography held at Cincinnati, Ohio. Lithography, as it has developed from a means of reproduction to a special medium in its own right, has acquired a somewhat emblematic character. Compared to painting, it is a light-weight medium, readily and properly lending itself to the decorative and the illustrational, and demanding a certain sheerness and wit in execution. One enjoys those works in which the colours, even though they are superimposed, and the shapes, however complex, remain sure and distinct—qualities reminiscent of the way in which different areas of the stone, when rolled up with ink, accept or reject it so uncompromisingly. Equally, one is disappointed by works in which any trace of strain or turgid congestion lessens the clean impact of the shapes on eye and paper. A good lithograph need not be profound, but it must be very deliberate. The works I enjoyed in this

NEWS FROM THE FISHING INDUSTRY

Making no bones about it!

Have you ever considered the economics of cutting, filleting or processing? Did you know, for instance, that more than half the weight of a fish is made up of head, tail, bones, etc.? Thus it takes more than 2 lb. of whole fish to produce 1 lb. of fillet. In terms of price, fillets from a whole fish that sells for 4½d. per lb. on the quay-side will cost about 10d. per lb.

This however is still the quay-side price. It does not cover the additional expenses that must be incurred before the fillets reach the housewife's shopping basket. Labour, boxes (now 5 times their pre-war price) and ice must be paid for. Heavy transport charges raise the bill still further. Finally, the wholesaler and retailer are entitled to reasonable profit margins. Thus the price of 4½d. for whole fish at the ship becomes about 1 6d. for fillets at the shop.

What prospects are there of cheaper fish in the future? The discovery of new fishing grounds; the invention of scientific instruments to locate the fish; the commissioning of new and faster trawlers; improved cold-storage facilities — all these will help in time, and the Fishing Industry is doing all it can to speed the day.

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show were MacBryde's *Woman with Drum* (this has something of the stamped, emblematic quality of a medieval woodcut), Picasso's *Departure* (notice how the movements of the figures express their own reluctance), De Stael's gay and spacious abstract, Minaux' landscape, Peter Kleinschmidt's drawing of Pontius Pilate, Karl Rodel's very expressive head of a zebu, Olle Bonnier's white, black and blue pattern, and the American Max Kahn's poetic *Ride by the Black Moon*. Among the disappointing works were those by Leger and Marini. J. B.

Correspondence

AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—It is difficult for those inhabitants of Central Africa who are liberal in outlook to understand the attitude of the Labour Party to Federation. Here the opponents are, generally speaking, those who, on all occasions have opposed all progressive measures, particularly when applied to Native affairs. They are the people whose opposition is based on the view that Federation would bring closer association with the Colonial Office, and with the Left-wing groups indiscriminately referred to by them as "Fabians." By its academic opposition to Federation the Labour Party has allied itself with the most reactionary elements in Africa, and with a section of the people who would welcome an Apartheid policy more vicious than the one practised by the South African Nationalists. Moreover the Labour Party is becoming allied to some of its own bitter enemies, who have left Britain because they disliked a Labour Government, disliked paying high taxation, and resented eating the same rations as everyone else.

I employ a number of Natives, with whom I am in constant association, and with whom I hold frequent and friendly conversation. I can assure you that these people have no political ambitions. What they understand by the Government is represented by the local Sergeant of police, and the Native commissioner. They have never heard of Federation, any reference to which is dismissed by the comment *u-daba ka yena*—it is your business.

Sir Godfrey Huggins cannot be counted amongst the friends of the Labour Party. He has made some extremely foolish remarks about the policy and the leaders of the Party, which have caused pain to its supporters and admirers. But, reactionary as Huggins undoubtedly is over many matters, he has a progressive and liberal record on Native affairs, and is infinitely preferable in every respect to those with whom the Labour Party is in *de facto* alliance. He is no racialist, and if he were not influenced by certain Right-wing fanatics, he would incline towards a mild Liberalism. Socialists in the Rhodesias find themselves in a dilemma. They cannot oppose Federation, mainly because their opposition would tacitly admit agreement with those factions with whom they could never agree, and with those factions who rely on a bitter and unrelenting racialist policy for their support.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the visit of Mr. Attlee will cause some reconsideration of the party's attitude on Federation. J. A. E. RALSTON

Bromley, S. Rhodesia.

[Reference is made to Brigadier Ralston's letter in our Comments.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE ZUKAS CASE

SIR,—Just five months ago the Chief Justice of Northern Rhodesia, at the conclusion of proceedings in Livingstone, recommended to the Governor that a young European settler, Simon Zukas, be deported from the territory. This case being still *sub judice*, it is impossible to comment effectively on its origins and its meaning: nevertheless, we may note that only one of the three charges of stirring up unrest in Northern Rhodesia could be substantiated, and this one charge was substantiated on evidence which nobody could regard as other than flimsy.

Zukas appealed to the Rhodesias and Nyasaland Appeal Court. Judge-President Sir Robert Tredgold concluded, when appeal was heard at the end of May, that: "We have reached a decision, with regret, that no appeal lies." The Court ruled, however, that the detention order should be set aside once Zukas had entered an appeal to the Privy Council, and it gave permission for such an appeal to be entered.

So far, this young man—who has lived in Northern Rhodesia since he was 13 and served during the war in the British Army—has not been able to find the necessary funds with which to enter an appeal to the Privy Council. His innumerable African friends on the Copper Belt and elsewhere are anxious to raise funds, but are finding it difficult to do so after exhausting themselves by the £4,000 which they raised to send their unofficial delegation to the London conference on Federation.

I am therefore appealing to all in this country who value the cause of racial harmony in the Commonwealth to help this young European, whose essential crime in the eyes of his fellow White settlers is to have identified himself with the African case against Federation, by subscribing to a fund which will be transmitted to Zukas's solicitors in Livingstone. Contributions should be sent *at once* to Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P., Zukas Appeal Fund, c/o The Union of Democratic Control, 32, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

This appeal for money is urgent. It is now five months that Simon Zukas has lain in Livingstone prison—charged with no criminal offence, but merely "pending deportation." This is indeed a curious and lamentable case of that British justice on which this country is accustomed to pride itself.

House of Commons. LESLIE PLUMMER

"COOKING THE NEWS"

SIR,—When my attention was drawn to the anonymously written article headlined "Cooking the News" in your issue of August 2, I was shocked. For in it were expressed opinions designed to suggest to your readers that large circulation newspapers were "degrading the whole profession of popular journalism."

Whether this is fair or unfair comment must always remain largely a matter of opinion. In assisting your readers to accept or reject this particular opinion I must point out in reply to the article that:

1. It is untrue that news editors are "stooges" of proprietors and circulation managers, as the article stated.
2. It is untrue that popular newspapers are encouraging in their newsroom staff "laziness and irresponsibility."
3. It is untrue that the function and practice of daily editorial conferences are to par-boil the news in the way the article clearly inferred.

The policy of the National Union of Journalists, of which my branch is the largest, is to seek the earliest possible formation of a Press Council with the most effective constitution and terms of reference. Articles, such as you published, in which the author's imagination, if not prejudice, is permitted to run farther than common sense, are more likely to arouse suspicion among journalists than encourage them to continue to work towards the establishment of a Press Council.

I can only regret that in approaching those problems of the Press which undoubtedly exist the author of this article should have showed himself better able to cook his meal than prepare it, and that you, sir, were willing to serve it. J. L. MANNING

National Union of Journalists, Chairman
Central London Branch.

[We discuss this letter in a leading article.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ON PAIN

SIR,—Will you permit me to reply to a few of the many points made by correspondents?

1. Several have deprecated the analogy or rather the contrast that I drew between pain and pleasure on the ground that pleasure is an emotion. While the concept of emotion is imprecise and can certainly be construed to include many so-called pleasures, the examples I cited, eating chocolate peppermint creams, certain pleasures connected with sex, the pleasure of immersing the hot, sticky body in cool water are surely sensational and in respect of their being so of the same nature as physical pain.

2. Consultant says that pain "is an important symptom"; that to "mask it with analgesics" is, therefore, "often dangerous and may increase the

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difficulties of diagnosis." Sometimes, no doubt, but often the diagnosis is known—it is, let us say, cancer in the bowel; sometimes in spite of every effort it remains unknown, and the patient continues to suffer pain and *pain of the same kind* for weeks or months. Is the pain to remain continuously in full cry because one day something might occur to a doctor which if it were allayed, would not occur?

3. Consultant also says that "the critically ill patient who still has a chance of survival is not always the ideal subject for the administration of analgesics." Why not? Presumably for the same reason as above; if he ceases to feel pain, the patient may fail to give to the doctor information necessary to his recovery, which he otherwise might have given. But I specifically guarded myself against this possibility by limiting my observations to the treatment of pain which was not a part of or significantly a sign of a disease.

4. I am warned against drawing conclusions from my own experience or from that of near friends. Whence then are one's conclusions to be derived? Pain is something that a person feels. It is subjective, individual, isolating. What the doctor observes is not pain but bodily behaviour. Hence, conclusions about pain *must* be drawn from one's own experience, or from that of those with whom one feels intuitive sympathy.

5. The correspondence has shown that two rather different points are involved which I did not clearly distinguish: (a) How far means for relieving pain are efficacious; (b) how readily they are used.

Opinions on the first point differ. I am content to record and repeat my own feeling of surprise that, *when it came to the point* the efficacy of the relievers was found to be so limited and their disadvantages so many. On the second point the very many letters that I have received make it clear that many patients have been left with the painful conviction that, in many institutions, the means are not employed as readily as they ought to be. Pain in fact is taken too much for granted and its relief regarded as a luxury to be rationed.

C. E. M. JOAD

LUNATIC FRINGE

SIR,—May I call the attention of British liberals to some significant American protests against our reactionary lunatic fringe as well as against the noisy Babbittians groups who all but monopolise the columns of the commercial newspapers? Not all of us here are infantile or hysterical. We still have sober and responsible groups who repudiate McCarthyism and MacCarranism, the fanatical and ignorant witch-hunting by Congressional Committees, and the State Department's vicious, illegal passport policies.

The New York *Nation*'s special issue, devoted to the problem of civil rights and liberties, should be republished in Britain. It spoke in the accents of traditional and genuine America. Men and women of education, character and ability, in signed articles, fearlessly discussed the bigotry and fanaticism of the pseudo-patriots and the jittery and shallow anti-Communists who do not know what Communism is and how it differs from Socialism, either Marxian or Fabian. The *New Republic* has been vigorous and outspoken in exposing the absurdities and excesses of the reactionary forces in and around the Government. Liberalism and evolutionary, democratic radicalism have not been "taking it lying down."

May I also commend a remarkable article in *Harper's Magazine* for June by Professor Jacques Barzun of Harvard on American cultural diversities? Europe has a false notion that America's culture is a uniformist and mass culture. But we are not yet a land of fakes, commercialism and noise. We have plenty of these, but America has not wholly forgotten its fine and courageous traditions. What are new and at times discouraging, are the tricks and tactics of the advertiser. He dominates television, radio and many of our newspapers and popular weeklies, but he is often too vulgar and mendacious to deceive any really intelligent person, and he is discrediting himself. American toleration of humbug has limits. Mr. Barzun, speaking of our strikes, lockouts and industrial strife generally, remarks that the American wage-worker, as he reads the papers and the claims and boasts of the big corporations, grows more and more cynical, since "fake is written all over the picture."

La Jolla, California. VICTOR S. YARROS

MOROCCO NATIONALISM

SIR,—Alexander Werth has shown his customary expertness and keen observation in the account of "The Tunisian Tangle." Nevertheless, I detect spots in his reporting where, in spite of his will to impartiality, he has repeated, no doubt unconsciously, the French colonial propaganda line—for example, his statement that the *Istiqlal* in Morocco is "feudalist."

From long and close observation, my husband and I found the *Istiqlal* quite the reverse of "feudal." One of its chief complaints against the French administration is that the latter has perpetuated and even extended the control of caids and pachas, a kind of combination tycoon-feudal lord class. It is the development of Lyautey's famous "policy of the great caids." French support of the Pacha of Marrakech against the Sultan is a prime example. The *Istiqlal* would like to get rid of these old land-owning governors and is trying to educate not only the urban proletariat but the little farmers and herders far out in the *bled* to a sense of their rights as individuals and eventually as citizens of a democratic government.

The *Istiqlal* has long realised the need for schools and tried to satisfy the enormous demand. In 1935, I visited the first modern private school run by Moroccans. By 1950, great progress had been made, in spite of French, not Moroccan, opposition. There were over a hundred such schools, and a few were excellent.

ELEANOR G. KNIGHT

1397a La Loma Avenue,
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WALLPAPER

SIR,—I was much interested in Aylmer Vallance's article about wallpaper, since one of the minor pleasures of my job as architect to Trust Houses has been to see the change of taste revealed by the wall-papers we strip away. It is not unusual to separate a dozen superimposed papers and to discover a century of fashion therein. A wall at the George Inn at Rye yielded eleven papers, the first being a charming hand-decorated paper of about 1850, with a leaf design on a silver-grey ground. At the King's Head at Monmouth thirteen papers of varying merit concealed a newspaper dated 1862, in which the Inn was advertised for sale. We regret the history of fashion which in the past has been thrown away.

Trust Houses, Limited. J. HOPWOOD

SMUT OF ANY KIND

SIR,—Progressives are not necessarily progressive emotionally. I know a fine thinker who goes off into fits of guffaws at the mention of a w.c. Smut is entirely due to early conditioning, and I wish I could live long enough to see whether the new self-regulated babies will need smut later on. A friend of mine, a teacher in Japan, was asked by his adolescent boys what people in England laughed at. He told them all the pornographic stories he knew. They listened with blank faces, and one youth asked: "Why do English people laugh at these stories?" I hasten to add that from other sources I am told that Japanese education and training are sadly anti-life, but apparently these youths did not have the same type of repressions that we have.

As a young man I had a certain local fame as a raconteur of "blue" stories, but to-day at near 69 I can recall the yarns I told 50 years ago and wonder why I thought them funny. I believe that J. M. Barrie, D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce never went through the smut stage, and abominated sex stories. My own progression out of smut may have had something to do with glands, but I fancy it came from the gradual realisation of the appalling results of early emotional conditioning—the high percentage of impotence and frigidity, the sex crime, the general ignorance of sex.

If youth were allowed to have a sex life from the age of one month right through adolescence, it is likely that smut would die a natural death. I have no moral feeling about smut, but I have a strong feeling about the manifold underground misery of which smut is the laughing safety valve.

A. S. NEILL

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Books in General

LOOKING forward from the novels of the Twenties to those of today, the change that strikes one is that, after two major evasions, the novelist has become a human being again. One is always hoping that this will turn out to be the large advantage it ought to be. Back in the Twenties, it used to be quite correctly said, the subject of the important novels was the writer writing. If he used the first person singular, he could no longer be Mr. Maugham's man of the world and the possibility of becoming Emile Brontë's housekeeper, Dickens's growing boy or Wells's ever expanding ego, was out of the question. The "I" had become a specialist in sensibility who saw himself judged only by other writers and for him, the supreme significance of the world was that of a work of art. One hardly needs to point out that this is the whole subject of Proust, the Gide of the *Les Faux Monnayeurs*, and of Virginia Woolf; and a good defence of the attitude is that, after 1914, it was the most exacting available, and literature must always take the most exacting course.

The break in the Thirties, indeed, occurred because life had again become more exacting than writing; but after all the attacks on "the ivory tower" during the Thirties, one's impression is that the structure stood up pretty well. It merely changed occupiers. The aesthete gave place to the reporter, to a figure who was really no more "in life" than the aesthete had been. The reporter merely *seemed* more committed because he got around. He had put the ivory tower on wheels. Human beings were significant only when they were news: in Isherwood's *Good-bye to Berlin* one of his stupid pupils asks him why he is living in Germany and he astounds her by replying that the German situation is the most interesting one in Europe at that time.

A valuable and, I think, disconcerting book could be written about the reporter in the literature of the last twenty years. I hope that the scores of students who take this as a subject for their Ph.D.'s will notice that the reporter has an assumed personality. He is probably first cousin to the gangster rising to power by the expert use of sawn-off feelings. There is the streak of Hamlet in him: the guilt in being on the spot but outside the struggle. There is the relief of having a rudimentary or ventriloqual personality only. There is the excitement of a new technique, for the reporter of the Thirties pretended to be a camera. I quote again from the opening of Isherwood's *Good-bye to Berlin*:

> I am a camera with its shutter open, quite passive recording not thinking. Recording the man shaving at the window opposite and the woman in the kimono washing her hair. Some day, all this will have to be developed, carefully printed and fixed.

In Isherwood one sees the interaction of the reporter and the artist at its most delicate.

Good-bye to Berlin, *Mr. Norris* and *The Memorial** have just been republished and we can see that if the camera was passive, the invisible cameraman was not. One can say, in a general way, I think, of all the talents of the Thirties that they floated in the air, and that Isherwood's sketches and novels, if we except *The Memorial*, seem to be hanging in an alarming void. They are suspended there from the pathos of Isherwood's personal loneliness. The loneliness of his characters—which is really his own imposed upon them—is the quality that makes them distinctive to him as a writer. His characters are tragic, squalid, comical *because* he is cut off from them. In this respect his compassion is the measure of his fundamental indifference to them, and this accounts for a frightening quality in his intimacy, his friendliness and his sudden laughter as a writer. Though they may flutter away on their mysterious compulsions, Frl. Schroeder, Mr. Norris, the exquisite Sally Bowles live only as they divert *him* or the Nowaks as they move his indignation and pity. They were to have formed part of a long episodic novel called *The Lost* and one can guess that the personal tie turned out to be too weak for the sustaining of a long book.

But if we never get at what Mr. Norris and the horrible Schmidt were like together, or what it was like to have an affair with Sally Bowles, we do get a brilliant collection of guesses. The shutter of the camera moves fast. From the spurt of Mr. Norris's match in the train to the rage of Frau Nowak in her kitchen, we see life in the continuous, delicate surprise of its instants. We see as fast as the writer's eye blinks and Isherwood was wonderfully adroit in placing himself with unobtrusive impudence in the best positions for seeing. He is, perhaps, too shamelessly the stooge in Mr. Norris, and I think, a little too knowing and pointed; on the other hand, even here, the cameraman has variety and surprise in his own character. It is a considerable moment in the history of first person narrations when Chris arrives at the drunken party and does not recognise his own state until he sees in a mirror that he has just walked through the streets wearing a false nose. Chris and Issyvoo are witty light creations, perfect in their touch, and they make the poker faces, the putty mugs of what Mr. Cyril Connolly called the "you-men" look stodgy and opaque.

A writer is driven by his own devils and it is idle for the critic to moralise about him; but if we turn back from Isherwood's German writing to the earlier novel *The Memorial* we see how more soundly based, from a novelist's point of view, it really is. Here, in fact, is the true novelist, young, full and already mature. His personal loneliness is populated by his people, and he has the aptitude (which distinguishes the novelist from other writers) for showing people living in one another's lives.

> But Maurice, as if he knew of this jealousy, always turned its edge by making reference, in front of Gerald and Tommy, to times when he and Eric had been together and the Ramsbothams had not been there. So that, if Gerald talked too much about the famous car they were building, in which they hoped to do a hundred, and which greatly interested Maurice, Maurice would nevertheless keep chipping in with "you remember last Friday, Eric, when you said so and so."

The Memorial gains from the minutely gathered unity of the English scene. We are to see the twilight of a rich family, the break up of a social order between 1919 and 1929, and although the underlying inference is political, this view is not pressed to the vicious point of the single explanation. These "bourgeois in decay" are stronger than they look because they inherit the old human acceptance of the inevitability of change. Lily and Mary, the pietist of the past and the post-war rebel, have the diverse resources of their native independence. Whatever else may be said of them, they win the self-sustaining victories of tenacity. When Lily hands on the Jacobean silver, she is performing a satisfying act of faith. And then, at different dates in the story of these characters, we are able to compare their present with their future. Compassion is aroused because we know all, from their point of view and from the point of view of others. It rises because the judgment on people must, perforce, be endless.

Sex has been played low in this novel, possibly because of the difficulty of writing about homosexual love in 1932, but marriage and heterosexual love are played down also. This is not a disadvantage; for we are back in the centre of English fiction: the iron of sociability, the relationships of persons not souls. The tortures of the young, indeed the tortures of the older people, are not those of the passions, but come largely from the question of what constitutes good behaviour. Have I been selfish? Was I vile to Mummy? Do they like me? Will you stop being a bad influence? Was I just when I thought this of him or her? Is Lily being difficult, or is Mary insensitive? The middle-class preoccupation with considerateness is seen to be at the heart of the great worries of middle-class society. All this to-ing and fro-ing of conscience is animated by the most astonishingly fluid novelist, a kind of invisible man, who enters all his characters unnoticed and becomes like some grave imp inside them. Again, the personal loneliness of the writer is assimilated—as it is *not* in the expatriate works—by the peculiar loneliness natural to English life, where so much has to be privately reckoned, where there is so often a pause before the embarrassed kiss. Isherwood travelled best when he stood still as a novelist and found countries in his people. The long central episode in this book, which slowly unfolds the family drive to the War Memorial and its dedication, is in the English tradition at its sober and ironical best; and the general picture of the middling generation who have lost sons or fortune in the war and the new, car-mad generation who have succeeded them, comes closer to the reality of that time, than the angry visual satire of the writers of the previous decade. His youths messing about at home on empty Sundays or crashing cars on the Newmarket road, are various and distinguishable. Isherwood somehow manages to catch their speech and their follies and regards them without censoriousness. An ancient mind, clear and resilient in judgment, accompanies the light heart. He is equipped with the gift of a lively and premature old age.

The Memorial is a recognisable England of that decade and not an England inherited from

* *The Memorial* and *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*. By CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Hogarth Press*. 9s. 6d. and 8s. 6d.
Goodbye to Berlin. By CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Chatto and Windus*. 6s.

literature. It gains indeed from its sense of news and the fading of news, which is nevertheless never allowed to overlie the permanent interests of the novelist. He escapes the Coward touch: I mean that he escapes the aggressive fallacy, the weakness for including irrelevant material in an attempt to be "fair." The dogmatism of the later Thirties has not falsified the picture. Of course, the book has not real shape. It is simply five or six adroitly arranged slices of life, an episodic novel with the episodes artfully placed in the wrong order. The only major weakness is an attempt to give a sort of unity to the book by the final *liaison de convenance* between the homosexual ex-war hero and a middle-aged woman painter, but the couple are shadowy—and the woman is as agreeable and unconvincing as any nice woman one does not know very well.

These two are granted a tenuous satisfaction, which is given to none of the others, because they have decided to be eccentric and are outside. They are making a virtue of being lost. They are thought of as being people who have "faced up," whereas—and this is a dogma of the Thirties—those who have not noticed the necessity of "facing up" become known as "shady." Mr. Norris is the comic king of shadiness. He is forgiven because he is criminally shady. We are moving towards that phase of contemporary literature in which the novelist looks for more sinners to forgive. The more difficult task, of course, is to endure and forgive the righteous. In the midst of these lapsing figures stands the neat, yet personally unruffled instrument, the camera eye of Mr. Isherwood. The instrument that was to be used by others mainly for events he has applied more cunningly, more subtly than any of his contemporaries, to the private lives of human beings. It was a remarkable adaptation of means and when we look back upon *The Memorial* we see what a novelist was lost when "the situation" elsewhere always seemed to him "more interesting" than the one at home.

V. S. PRITCHETT

LONDON IDYLL

Twelve houses fell, twelve gardens broke their bounds
Before the lovers, tempted by these fronds,
Brushed by these rambling branches, could transgress
The traffic's laws and stumbled into peace;
Bedded on grass, felt the green light grow dimmer,
The yellow light grow brighter, but recede. . . .
Or walking here a clerk surprised the summer
Fierce in its narrow cage and, half afraid
Dreamed his way back to boyhood beasts and flowers,
Translated into dream the screech of cars.

Here whitethroats build their nests, a nightingale
Often at early dawn strikes dumb the owl.
And here—a dole of colour to the needy—
Are poppies, buttercups for all to pick;
Or dandelion leaves: a muttering lady
Braves bricks and brambles daily for their sake.
On Sundays round a parliament of mothers
Small girls make daisy-chains or look for feathers,
Snail-shells, dead butterflies and beetles' shards. . . .

Because twelve houses fell, now timid birds
Return to London and the lovers lie
Among tall ferns in deep tranquillity,
Hidden at nightfall in those bushes where
For hours on end the schoolboys play at war.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

POLITICS OF THE A-BOMB

The Forrestal Diaries. Edited by WALTER MILLIS. *Cassell*. 25s.

It is strange how often a really important book is overlooked. *The Forrestal Diaries*, for instance, has hardly caused a stir, though it tells us more about American strategy—and the role of Britain in that strategy—than anything so far published. Its assertions—particularly about the bomber bases in Norfolk—may be true or untrue. At least they should be read, and answered.

But first a word about Forrestal himself. A thrusting young man, he joined the famous investment bankers, Dillon Read, in 1916, becoming a partner in 1923 and president in 1938, when he was only 46. In May, 1940, he was one of the business men invited to join the Roosevelt Administration in order to mobilise industry for rearmament; and from then until a few weeks before his suicide in 1949 he served first in the Navy Department and then, after the merger of the three Services, as the first Secretary of Defence.

As contemptuous of intellectuals and reformists as he was of machine politicians, he had a simple faith in the power of the American business man to solve every economic problem, and regarded Harry Hopkins and Labour Britain as "Communistic." Yet he was poles apart from the typical business man in wartime Washington. Forrestal believed in capitalism as a creed, and the United States as its imperial protagonist. A premature Kennanite, he saw politics as the exercise of power in the service of an idea. In a lecture, delivered in 1944, he said:

> Our problem is to achieve accommodation between the power we now possess, our reluctance to use it positively, the realistic necessity for such use, and our national ideals.

Today this is a commonplace of American thought: in 1944 it was a concept condemned by all respectable people as Fascism.

Unfortunately for the historian, Forrestal was incapable either of abstract thought (he relied, for instance, on a University friend to study Marxism for him and then circulated the summary to the Cabinet) or of literary self-expression. His Diaries are a wodge of dry jottings and inarticulate reflections. This is not to condemn Mr. Millis, who has drastically curtailed a mass of material and, on occasion, re-written it. But the reader should be warned that the passages in small print (in which the editor summarises the State papers, telegrams and minutes inserted into the Diary when Forrestal had not time to dictate) are often far more interesting than the *ipsissima verba*. Here, incoherent yet continuous, is the inside story of the feuds (1) between the Navy and the Air Force as to who should drop the atom bomb; (2) between the Chiefs of Staff and the Atomic Energy Commission; (3) between the Pentagon, wanting to arm America and Mr. Marshall, wanting to arm America's allies; and (4) between Mr. Truman, anxious to appease Congress by keeping taxes down, and his Defence Secretary, struggling to build a stable basis of national defence.

Reading page after page of tangled detail, one sees the obstacles to any continuous and positive use of American power in international affairs. Seeking to apply the policy of negotiation from strength, the Administration, ever since 1947, has tried to introduce Universal Military Training. Without trained reserves available for rapid mobilisation, the U.S.A. can neither share in the policing functions of N.A.T.O. nor provide ground forces to assist her allies if attacked. However many billions she spends on arms, her role will be limited (1) to holding the seaways open and (2) to strategic bombing, while her allies take the knock. Yet to this day, the strength of the Air Force and Navy lobbies, and the resistance of Congress, have been sufficient to starve the Army of funds and prevent U.M.T. becoming law. This, of course, explains the American pressure for British and German rearmament. The German divisions are to replace the American troops in Europe: the British to police the Middle East and other areas vital to the U.S.A. It also explains their obsession with non-conventional weapons. As long as they have no effective land army, they must think exclusively in terms of atomic warfare.

On page 248 (since this book has been passed by the security authorities, one wonders why the Russians bother to keep a Secret Service) Mr. Millis prints an exact statement of the American forces available on February 1st, 1948, alongside America's military commitments. This calculation was made a few weeks before the Berlin blockade, but a full year after the declaration of the Truman Doctrine. No wonder Mr. Marshall, when he heard it, observed, "We are playing with fire while we have nothing with which to put it out." No wonder that apart from the men in Germany almost every unit of the American Army and Marines had to be thrown into Korea in 1950. In 1952, America's commitments are still growing far more rapidly than her Army, and Mr. Marshall's words are true.

The most sensational pages of this book relate Mr. Forrestal's version of how the American bombers came to be stationed in Britain. It starts with a meeting at the White House on the 28th June, 1948, just after the Berlin blockade had begun. The meeting was called to discuss whether to stay in Berlin or not.

> The President interrupted to say that there was no discussion on that point, we were going to stay. Secretary Royall expressed some concern as to whether the problem had been fully thought out. The President replied that we would have to deal with the situation as it developed. . . . Mr. Lovett announced casually that he assumed that the other two groups of B-29s would go to England.

Apparently Mr. Bevin had already consented, but on the following Friday, General Marshall reported to the Cabinet:

> Douglas had been instructed to ask Bevin whether he had fully explored and considered the effect of the arrival of these two groups in Britain upon British public opinion. . . . He said the effect on the Russians had to be balanced against the appearance to our own people of what might be construed as a provocative action.

On the 15th of July the matter was still under consideration in Washington; and Forrestal, arguing for a quick decision, advised the President that the sending of the B-29s to England would "accustom the British to the necessary habits and routines that go into the accommodation of an alien, even though an allied Power." The President agreed and the bombers came.

Apparently the Americans put no pressure on the Labour Government: indeed, they were disconcerted by the easy British acceptance of what they saw to be a desperately dangerous commitment. Early in October Sir Stafford Cripps visited Washington and said, "Britain must be regarded as the main base for the deployment of American power and the chief offensive against Russia must be by air." And on the 12th of November, Mr. Attlee told Forrestal:

> *there was no division in the British public mind about the use of the atomic bomb—they were for its use. Even the Church in recent days had publicly taken this position.*

If this story is correct, it would explain Mr. Churchill's repeated emphasis on the risks to which Britain is exposed by the atom bases in Norfolk. So long as the Americans refuse to create the reserves for a land army, the A-bomb will be their only offensive weapon. So it will have to be used at once in the event of war, and its use will bring with it immediate retaliation against these islands. It is one of the puzzles of history that this risk was so eagerly assumed by the Labour Government. Apparently no effort was made even to obtain a *quid pro quo*—American land participation in Middle Eastern defence, for instance. Now that Mr. Forrestal's top secret papers have been published, it is surely essential that Mr. Attlee's lips should be unsealed. Can this fantastic story be the whole truth?

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

OLD ETHICS FOR NEW

The Claim of Morality. By N. H. G. ROBINSON. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*
Ethics and the History of Philosophy. By C. D. BROAD. *Routledge.* 21*s.*
Butler's Moral Philosophy. By AUSTIN DUNCAN-JONES. *Pelican Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Various schools of moralists have tried to simplify their subject by narrowing its range. Some have tried to show that the rightness of an action depends on its results; others, on its motives; others, again, on the act itself in abstraction from either. All these suggestions have been efforts to find a moral litmus-paper, a single aspect of life which could safely be taken as an indicator of rightness. With this quest in mind, Mr. Robinson examines ethics (mostly British) from the seventeenth century onwards, and establishes by clear and sensible reasoning that each of these three abstractions is unsatisfactory. The hat is then waved for a little time, and the rabbit comes out. It is, rather disappointingly, the fairly tough neo-Idealist animal used by Joseph and A. E. Taylor—the view that what is right is never a single event or isolated series of events, but a whole course of action. We choose between ways of living, or, better still, between lives.

Now this conclusion is old. But it is thoroughly just, and a return to it seems called for by the strange history of academic morals since the Idealists went out of fashion at the turn of the century. The Idealists themselves did see that morality is complex and dialectical. They realised that their subject had a history, and that no simple doctrine could comprehend all the important insights that had already come up in it. They tried to make a framework for really diverse points of view. But as they were tricky and paradoxical on every subject, the broom of Nemesis swept this dialectic out of sight with the rest of their system. The ground was cleared. Academic moralists then began to build on it with hygienic toy bricks tiny structures of incredible triviality. They resolutely continued to search for a single happening where the rightness or wrongness of a choice would be found concentrated—and this though such a tick-tock view of events had been thoroughly shown up in contemporary discussions of time and causation. They tried at all costs to clarify—much as one might try to clarify art criticism by finding a single unvarying subject for the predicate Beautiful. From the chief marks of this school—superficial psychology, childish examples, and an implicit reliance on the plain man where he least relies on himself—Mr. Robinson is comparatively free. His wish for comprehensiveness obviously does not spring from traditionalism or the love of system, but from a real regard for the facts.

There are two drawbacks to this serious, modest and reasonable book. First, it evades all its really dangerous enemies. Mr. Robinson not only takes it for granted that there is a real discoverable truth in morals, he explicitly says that there have been no important recent contributions to the subject. To deny the existence of Professor Ayer, Mr. Stevenson and the only live movement in recent academic ethics is perhaps a polite way of hoping that this particular little bit of unpleasantness will soon be over. That would be a mistake. There is now a very powerful confluence of ideas—anthropological, psychological and plain logical—undermining our belief in objective morality. In ethics, as in theology, traditional doctrine is opposed by the virtues of the age quite as much as by its vices, and among those virtues is a deep respect for everything that looks like a scientific truth. Logical positivist ethics contends that, as there is no scientific truth on moral subjects, there is no truth at all, only the expression and production of emotions. The success of this view is no passing accident. Logically, it is only a step from the position of recent academic moralists, that moral truth was known by something inexplicable called intuition; a position which was simply a refusal to be bothered with keeping the notion of knowledge in ethics up to date. In feeling it is extremely different, because it expresses the rather brash scorn of the new age for anything so obviously unscientific. But its rudeness does not make it negligible, and Mr. Robinson finds time to argue many more ridiculous doctrines. Altogether, if he had not withdrawn his feet so carefully from the bitter and stimulating tide of ideas released by the late Professor Wittgenstein, he would have had a valuable chance of sharpening his notions and shortening his book. The second drawback is a more interesting one, and is found in other forms of idealism. Idealists do attempt a fair historical treatment of their predecessors, but their own programme is perhaps too positive to allow of their achieving it. Their dialectic is distorted to form an evolutionary success-story. The great insights of ethics are sporadic and timeless. Bishop Butler and Zeno are and will remain much nearer the truth than Professor Prichard, and such facts, though not actually denied, are obscured even in a careful treatment like Mr. Robinson's.

Professor Broad's book is a collection of essays, three on the philosophy of science, four on ethics, and five biographies of philosophers. The first group show Broad's invariable lucidity and coolness to the best advantage. On ethics, his fairness has always been a more doubtful asset. It keeps him too happy and busy listing possible alternative opinions to plunge with proper understanding into the real difficulties of any one of them. Still, tabulations have their point, and anyone wanting a neat Anatomy of Egoism ought to be satisfied with the one given here. The rest of the ethical papers are really too slight to bear reprinting, and so, still more, are two of the biographies, Newton's and Locke's. Broad has none of the imagination needed to bring to life people whom he has not himself met and he is capable of calling Locke "the Mr. Baldwin of philosophy." The other biographies are of his own friend and teachers, McTaggart, Henry Sidgwick, and the logician Johnson, and they are sympathetic and interesting.

Mr. Duncan-Jones's sedate and competent Pelican gives, without pretence of research, a fair account of what dons usually say about Butler. Some day someone will relate Butler's ethics to those implied in present-day psychology; meanwhile, I think it would have been better to produce a cheap edition of Butler himself.

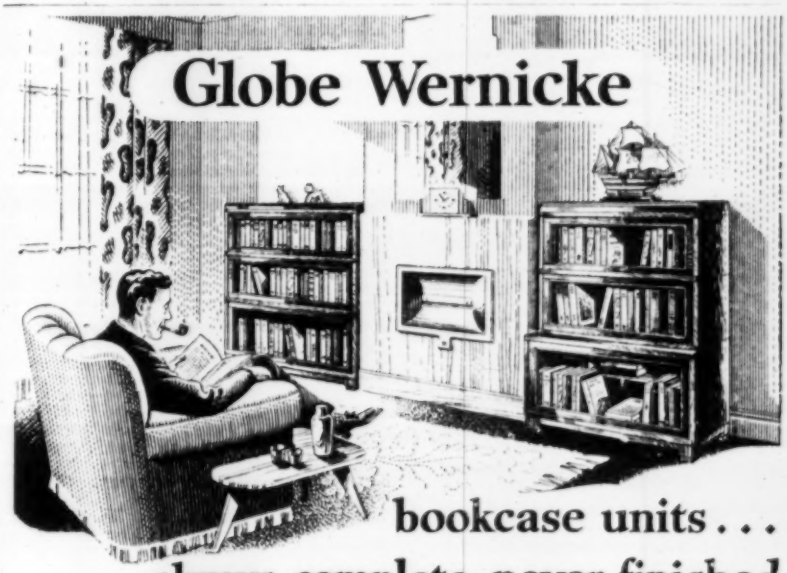
MARY SCRUTTON

PUBLIC FACE

Notes Without Music. By DARIUS MILHAUD. Translated by DONALD EVANS. *Dobson.* 21*s.*

When Stravinsky's *Chronicle of My Life* was published, many readers were astonished and disappointed by the sedulous care with which the composer had avoided anything resembling a self-portrait—unless a series of conventionally worded statements can be regarded in that light. It is to be feared that M. Milhaud, who greatly admires Stravinsky, has in this book followed the Master's example all too faithfully. Writing at the instance of friends, and while recuperating from illness, he has had as his aim "to conjure memories of my friends and my travels . . . [and] to try to describe the course of my musical development without going into technicalities, and without any literary pretensions."

This sounds well enough, and might have been so, if M. Milhaud had had any power of self-expression (not the same thing as "literary pretensions"), for he has spent many years in the centre of the contemporary artistic world and has been on terms of friendship with many famous people. He himself comes of a Jewish family long established in Provence, and his account of his childhood at Aix has the interest attaching to unusual *milieux*, although even here he does not succeed in making his memories vivid



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to us. As a composer Darius Milhaud is remarkable for inventiveness, a certain crude power, and an ability to enlist diverse musical idioms for his own uses; but, although he gives us the names of his compositions and the circumstances in which they were written, his avoidance of technicalities prevents him from giving an adequate account of the various phases through which his style has evolved. In fact, his book consists for the most part of a mere catalogue of persons and events, interspersed with an occasional comment that is either completely flat or too wild to be of interest. Here is an example of the first category:

> The latter [Jean Wiéner] proposed we should take composition lessons with Gédalge: these were extraordinarily interesting. Then our master organised . . . an orchestration class which he made enthrallingly interesting and for which he refused all payment on the grounds that he had enjoyed himself too much.

Two pages later M. Milhaud visits Spain with a friend and is disappointed by Madrid, "which we christened 'Old Ugly,' but not by the pictures in the Prado, through which the soul of Spain was revealed to us." To have enlarged on these dull statements would, of course, have entailed a modicum of "literary pretensions"; so we are left to guess what the writer really felt.

The author's observations on other composers are in the nature of things revelatory; but they are far too sweeping to possess independent value. *Tristan* he finds "deadly boring," while *Parsifal* "sickened me by its pretentious vulgarity." After which Wagner is dismissed as "a shoddy mixture of harmony and mysticism in what [is] an essentially pompous art." We do not need to be whole-hearted Wagnerians to find such criticism inadequate; and even those whose sensibility does not respond to French music may be surprised to learn that, after hearing Ravel's *L'heure espagnole*, M. Milhaud "felt some regret at not finding the same depth of feeling in Ravel as in Debussy." Who would expect to find depth of feeling in a one-act farce? M. Milhaud confesses that his hostility to Ravel was not always justified, but modesty prevents him from telling us precisely how he arrived at this conclusion. Again, there are frequent references to M. Claudel, whom the composer evidently knows well and with whom he has collaborated on several occasions; yet the only description of the poet which has any claim to vividness turns out to be a quotation from Francis Jammes. In the midst of these doldrums we are reduced to being grateful even for an outburst of spite—against Florent Schmitt, as it happens. That eclectic composer, discouraged by the success of *Le Sacre du Printemps*, declared "that all that was left to him was to tear up his music"; upon which M. Milhaud comments: "What a pity he did not do so!"

The translation reads quite well, and Mr. Evans cannot be held responsible for the implied misuse of the word *morbidezza* (page 54), which does *not* mean morbidity, but softness or delicacy.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

NEW NOVELS

A Verdict of Treason. By PETER VANSITTART. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Frontiers. By JOHN STRACHEY. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Seasons' Difference. By FREDERICK BUECHNER. *Chatto & Windus.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Image. By ANN FABER. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Make Me An Offer. By WOLF MANKOWITZ. *André Deutsch.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Verdict of Treason and *The Frontiers* provide an example of that phenomenon painfully familiar during a period in which far too many novels are produced—the gulf between the novel of feeling and the novel of cerebration. In Mr. Vansittart's book feeling is all-important, in Mr. Strachey's it is buried somewhere in the foundations of a brilliant piece of intellectual architecture, a sharp little essay in anti-Communist Marxism.

Don't be put off by Mr. Vansittart's tired-looking title; his traitor isn't the scientist who tells, but an older half-forgotten figure, the country-house fascist. Richard Bryce is the son of a *limogé* Boer War general, a man ill with doubt and guilt. A natural athlete, Richard is pushed by his own doubt and ambition into a grind that earns him a scholarship to Oxford, where he finishes with a double Blue and a First. Since he has also money and good looks he is naturally sought after in politics and marriage. Marriage, however, he avoids, since he is muddled in his sexual feelings, which are stirred more frequently and deeply by men than by women. His most important relationship has been his friendship with Paul von Kessel, a young Junker whose schloss he has visited. His politics are more muddled still; distrustful of Tory greed and selfishness, he is bored by socialism, while his background does not permit of more than an uneasy intermittent fascination by communism. There is, of course, only one solution, and Richard is muddled, neurotic and brave enough to accept it; he is last heard of broadcasting from Nazi Germany in the war.

A Verdict of Treason is an ambitious novel, and Mr. Vansittart, by backing himself to write a masterpiece, has taken a bold risk. That it has not come off is due to too much feeling and too little thought. It is noteworthy that there is no discussion of issues, no argument in the book. Richard is contrasted throughout with his cousin Michael, a conventionally unconventional schoolboy, later a writer, journalist in the Spanish War, and a happy hetero "If only," Michael says at the end, "Richard had got to know France. French houses, French streets, French girls," Michael, in fact, has the right feelings; Richard the wrong ones. That is all, and for the novel this claims to be, it is not enough. What is lacking is the intellectual skeleton which Mr. Strachey provides, but which in his case shows up too hard under the flesh. Yet Mr. Vansittart, with his ambitions and his talents, has not been wasting his time. His places and atmospheres are better than his people; his treatment of school-life is exact and biting, his picture of the schloss, in its coldness, its discipline, and its mania, quite masterly.

How empty of atmosphere, by comparison, does *The Frontiers* seem!—and not only of the atmosphere of place, but of the atmosphere of personality. In a preface to this war-book (which was written in 1941, but held up because of the information it gave about methods of escaping from France) Mr. Strachey explains that his hero "is a sort of composite of the pilots of 87 Squadron as I knew them." "Yes," we may reply, "and looks it." For James is—as a created character—a dim type, and his being shot down in France is a pretty shaky do in the way of contriving the kind of international discussion Mr. Strachey wants. Yet perhaps that is unfair: James does well enough, the girl who takes charge of him is more real and individual than he is, and all the physical adventure of the book is up to standard. But it is only when the characters take to arguing that the novel comes vividly alive. James, the quiet spirit of unthinking English resistance; Madeleine, for France; Jean, for Communism; and *l'Abbé*, for Mr. Strachey, discuss ends and means, morals and historical necessity, and the case of *Portella Valadares*, "or the question of blind integrity." Laval, under the name of Nordenac, makes a brief but telling appearance. Mr. Strachey states his case against Communism with a beautiful compression and with what a scientist means by the word "elegance"; some of the points have never, I think, been made with such lucid, epigrammatic force. But, after all, we are dealing not with pamphlets, but with novels. The best novels about politics have not been written by politicians, and the best novels by politicians have not been about politics, and *The Frontiers* does nothing to change this position.

Mr. Frederick Buechner's first novel *A Long Day's Dying* was greatly praised, and *The Seasons' Difference*, his second, has already been well

received. I found it rather obscure, a little precious, and mildly pretentious. A group of adults and children, on holiday, have in attendance a tutor, Peter Cowley, who sees a vision. This mystical experience acts as a catalyst upon various attitudes and emotions; the children behave rather badly, but come to realise it; there are other developments. Mr. Buechner writes in sensitive if alembicated prose; he is observant and has a delicate sense of comedy; and his portraits of the children are true and touching. If *The Seasons' Difference* is lacking in impact, if at the end the reader is uncertain what it is all about, that may be due to the fact that Mr. Buechner is still experimenting; personally, I am rather puzzled.

There is nothing obscure about *The Image*, a first novel of prodigious efficiency about a young girl who sees a ghost in, of all places, the typing agency in which she works. Miss Faber's sense of incident and character, as shown in this long and elaborately composed tale, is quick, sharp and sure rather than profound; it is, however, her sense of place, her solid, non-impressionistic evocations of London, which particularly mark her debut with interest.

The title of Mr. Mankowitz's *conte* tells you a good deal about it. The author is an antique dealer specialising in Wedgwood, and so is his hero. The book offers a brief glimpse into the lives and methods of some dealers, their knowledge or lack of it, their knowingness, their bluff, their little rackets. When Mr. Mankowitz is piling all this on thick and fast he provides the same kind of entertainment as a three-card trickster, and he has made his characters real and interesting within the limits he imposes on them. *Make Me An Offer* is in fact quite good fun, but the same kind of material has been used to much better effect by American writers. J. D. SCOTT

BRITISH DRAWING

Early English Watercolours. By JOLO A. WILLIAMS. *The Connoisseur.* £5. 5s.

Tudor and Stuart Drawings. By JOHN WOODWARD. *Faber.* 25s.

The British style is not really a style at all. It is a principle, an essence; it is a frame of mind, a communal attitude, perhaps, to the countryside. No doubt that is why art historians have made such poor progress with British landscape. The formation of the school, at the outset, is mysterious: the sources, the classical prototypes, the stylistic determinants, upon which the historian is accustomed to lay hold, melt away in his grasp. There are the watercolours of Van Dyck, perhaps drawn in England, and the landscapes of Sibrechts (of whom Mr. Williams might have said a word), extraordinary foretastes of what was to come. But, on examination, it does not seem very likely that either had any particular influence on English art. We can, in fact, hardly say more than that in the middle of the seventeenth century there was visible, at every point of the compass, a quality that belongs to no other national school. It is in Claude's drawing of a *River after Rain* at Christ Church; it fills Rembrandt's wonderfull *Trees and Water* in the Louvre and the little plate marked *bey Alburye in Surrey* which Hollar etched as a Royalist exile in Flanders. Rubens discovered it in a tangled thorn-hedge, Van Dyck in his delicate vitreous-tinted fields. Sibrechts bodied it out with a lush, Victorian wealth of material detail. The quality was in embryo everywhere; the works which show it are shadowgraphs, tracing within the body of the European tradition the outlines of an art that was waiting to be born.

With the English artists themselves the historian is no luckier. British landscape drawing has been in a perpetual state of spontaneous and untidy generation. There are a hundred artists at once, springing up with good roots or none, blossoming or running prolifically to seed, a hundred unobtrusively personal styles each flourishing like a weed. In the eighteenth century the school—we can now survey it, better than ever before, in Mr. Williams's book—has the aspect of a great meadow, luxuriating in a state of blissful neglect. There is room for every kind of growth, rare and common, dwarf and giant flourish side by side. It is the preserve of the true amateur, the place for love. It is in fact the very place for Mr. Williams.

It is difficult to remember a book in which so little fuss was made about so much learning. Mr. Williams does not lack system: his text embodies the best, and often the only, available assessments of some two hundred artists, together with very useful summaries of those who are better known, and the excellent plates numbering above four hundred, are equally indispensable. The book will hardly be superseded within a lifetime. But it has another quality which is as valuable as any information; it provides a charming, involuntary reflection of its writer. Mr. Williams has collected and enjoyed prodigiously. He restrains himself, but luckily the random, modest recollection finds it way in none the less. So we may enjoy not only Collins's brilliant birds but the tale of how Mr. Williams and his wife dismounted from a bus in the Brompton Road to see a shop window full of them at a guinea a piece; not only the vivacious Steuart, a name new to most, but the fact that one of his drawings recently sold as a Constantin Guys: "really it took a minute or two's thought to correct the attribution." Mr. Williams's book has just the charms of its subject; it will be valued for a long time.

Mr. Woodward's field overlaps that of Mr. Williams (who indeed can hardly resist anything in the graphic media that is considerable in its own right): dealing largely with the figure draughtsmen, his excellent study supplements the larger book. The period is a shadowy one but Mr. Woodward's plates leave a clear impression none the less. The remarkable thing about drawing in England is its homogeneity. Foreign styles are naturalised with extraordinary rapidity. Lely, Hollar, even Holbein himself, became members of a school which did not exist. By any logic, this is a monstrous paradox, but everything that is learnt forces it on us. This national quality is clearly, intimately recognisable. Yet in fact we still know little enough about it. Much remains unseen and unsaid and that is a cause for hope: in the art of the future we may yet meet ourselves face to face.

LAWRENCE GOWING

SPLENDIDE MENDAX

Mister Jelly Roll. By ALAN LOMAX. *Cassell.* 18s.

There is an old Welsh story of a woman describing the new minister to a friend: "Such a beautiful voice! And so powerful in prayer! What a pity he's such a bloody liar!" Her words might have served as an epitaph for Ferdinand Joseph La Menthe, who called himself Jelly Roll Morton and claimed that he had "personally originated jazz in 1902." For Mister Jelly Roll was a monumental liar. Truth, it is said, is often stranger than fiction; but it is never quite so much fun.

The fiction of Jelly Roll Morton's life is immense fun. Some of it might have been written by O. Henry, a lot of it by Damon Runyon. But in the end Jelly Roll had them both beaten, for he never put pen to paper. He *spoke* his autobiography—contradictions, repetitions, bad language and all. Mr. Lomax had the ingenious idea of having Jelly Roll Morton sit at a piano in front of a recording machine in the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., and making him talk about himself, play the music he was talking about, and then talk about himself again. The transcription makes fascinating reading, even for those who have no knowledge of, nor even an interest in the sort of music that Jelly Roll Morton played on his piano. For the musician who is anxious about it all there is a 34-page appendix which includes many examples of Jelly Roll's art, and for every reader who buys the book there is a free copy of a terrifyingly exhaustive "discography" of everything Mister Morton ever recorded for the gramophone.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

of this story told by a Creole artist of his adventures in his native New Orleans at the turn of the century, and later in Chicago, New York and Hollywood. Jelly Roll (a Negro slang phrase of quite appalling obscenity) played his piano in Storyville, the famous red-light district of New Orleans—sometimes in small and sordid brothels, at other times in the grand and luxurious "mansions" where there was champagne and public nudery.

> I worked for all the houses, even Emma Johnson's Circus House, where the guests got everything from soup to nuts. They did a lot of uncultured things there that probably couldn't be mentioned, and the irony part of it, they always picked the youngest and most beautiful girls to do them right before the eyes of everybody. People are cruel, aren't they? A screen was put up between me and the tricks they were doing for the guests, but I cut a slit in the screen, as I had become to be a sport now, myself, and wanted to see what anybody else was seeing.

Mister Jelly Roll is engagingly frank; he lived on women, a process he called "trying out the women"; he was a hobo; he was sent to jail for carrying a gun, and escaped; he was involved with gangsters when Prohibition came; he gambled on his prowess as a pool player; he made money and had everything money could buy except, he said, a yacht and a cow; he bought diamonds which he had set in his teeth, until he was hit by the Depression and had to have them all taken out again; he sold a mixture of Coca Cola and salt at a dollar a bottle as a cure for "the TB's"; his music was exploited by shady white publishers (a practice still current where Negro composers are concerned in the States).

Mr. Lomax's original contribution to this intriguing self-portrait consists largely of comment and asides and of three "interludes," in which he gently corrects some of Jelly Roll's more outrageous assertions and fantasies. The final chapter dealing with his subject's last days is most moving. With Mister Jelly Roll's death we feel that a fascinating chunk of American life has come to an end.

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Tread Lightly, Angel. By STEPHEN RANSOME. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Baby Snatcher. By CAROL KENDALL. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Tiger in the Smoke. By MARGERY ALLINGHAM. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Crossed Skis. By CAROL CARNAC. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

He was Found in the Road. By ANTHONY ARMSTRONG. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Shot of Murder. By JACK IAMS. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

In England high-class detection seems to be thinning out: the three items on this list all come from America. In *Murder by Proxy* a millionaire is bashed to death in his Chicago apartment, and a wisecracking guy called Casey Morrow wakes up after a carouse to find an unwelcome deposit of dried millionaire's blood on the lining of his raincoat coupled with the faint suggestion that he may have been married while unconscious. The set-up is familiar, but none the worse for that. Casey must solve the case on his own before the police catch up with him. Miss Nielsen's first book, *The Kind Man*, was good: this is even better. Her plot is sound and misleading; her hero is endearing; while her prose is fluent and idiomatic; and the pace never flags for an instant. Perhaps she allows the American craving for sentimentality to peek out a little too often from behind the tough surface—there is a particularly soft spot where Casey's Polish mother intrudes—but it would be a shame to fault such an irreproachably readable composition.

In *Tread Lightly, Angel*, Schy Cole, a diffident private detective with whom we have been previously acquainted, peers down through a skylight to watch a girl killing herself; and is then hired to find out why she donned a complicated mask of her own fabrication before doing so. The fantastic trappings of this suicide enable Schy to go dabbling a while in symbolism; but the workings of the subconscious turn out mercifully to be only a side-line. Murder brings the plot back to earth; and thenceforward the detecting runs straight, except for the inevitable twist in the solution. Out of a desire to be impressive, Stephen Ransome's plots tend to be overwritten and underdone, yet he has a genuine streak of originality to recommend him.

Mrs. Kendall too has original ideas: her detective in *The Baby Snatcher* is a precocious schoolboy aged twelve, who controls an organisation of juvenile baby-sitters. In a Mid-Western community two babies are snatched in succession; a baby's body is found on the town refuse dump; and an inquisitive doctor is murdered. At first one may find oneself rather at sea among these tiny sleuths, but once one gets the hang of them they appear to work along strictly orthodox lines. The plot is sound but rather obvious. Who wants babies in a hurry? As a novelty, detection in the nursery by the nursery is decidedly entertaining.

It is rather sad to meet Miss Allingham treading the primrose path of thrillers along with Michael Innes. (How many more of our leading detective writers are going to throw up the sponge?) Moreover, it is doubtful whether Miss Allingham has the right equipment for a business where brisk, positive action is more essential than the artful character-drawing at which she is so adept. The pace of *The Tiger in the Smoke* is far too leisurely; and the charm of a delightful unworldly Canon merely distracts our attention from the more rigorous purpose of the book. The plot is of the simplest—a killer loose in London. That is the kind of meat that Edgar Wallace thrived on. But Miss Allingham lacks the masculine cut and thrust of the old master.

Miss Carnac's killer is hunted across Europe and brought to book on the ski-ing slopes of the Austrian Tyrol, where his identity is finally revealed. The reader, however, can tot up who the fellow is from many an earlier page. *Crossed Skis*' real interest lies in a mixed party on a ski-ing holiday, with a crime or two harshly superimposed.

The various manifestations in real life of the Red Peril are melodramatic enough to put fiction writers in a back seat; but they do what they can to catch up. Mr. Armstrong takes the vanishing atomic scientist hint. *He was Found in the Road* in Sussex. But who was he? He may have lost his memory in the sinister nursing home, but the reader will know where to look for it. Ruthless Reds in profusion hem in one lone Englishman plus one lone Englishwoman, both clean-living to a fault.

Mr. Jack Iams began writing with detection, but has swiftly swerved away to a more suitable career in thrills. Mrs. Pickett whom we last met in the Middle West in *What Rhymes with Murder* now crops up behind the Iron Curtain imposing her personality on the satellites. But I was slightly disappointed by her meagre share in the rescue of an American singer from another sinister nursing-home—this time in Poland. I do, however, recommend the book wholeheartedly. Mr. Iams has everything said about him on his dust-jacket; he is lively, witty and good-humoured; and *A Shot of Murder* is the only thriller on the list packed with genuine excitement.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Botanist's Wife. By ELEANOR BOR. *Hurst & Blackett.* 18*s.*

Someone ought to open a School for Botanists' Wives. These intrepid ladies who accompany their husbands through leech-infested jungles and across flimsy bridges with the torrent foaming thousands of feet below, who are thrown by elephants and besieged by mad dogs, gather splendid material on the way and are clearly determined not to waste it; but it gushes from their pen in the bright, cosy style of a talk in Woman's Hour. They have "ghastly thoughts" and "eye-opening joys" and private jokes with their husbands; and sooner or later a well-loved doggie falls ill and of what happens then it is kinder not to speak. Yet they take part in what must be some of the most delightful and rewarding work in the world; they wander in strange and beautiful places among varied and remarkable peoples; no diplomatic consideration hinders them later from writing freely of what they saw.

Mrs. Bor, the last botanist's wife to appear in print, has not altogether escaped these vices, but the reader should grit his teeth and endure for the sake of the many interesting things she has to say. Her husband's work as Forest Officer and Political Officer took them through many unknown parts of Assam and other regions in sight of the Great Himalayas. They entered Tibet and the descriptions of that country and the bordering areas are entertaining as well as informative. The book is nicely illustrated with photographs and accomplished little drawings by the author. Mrs. Bor should now read Defoe with close attention for several months and then put pen to paper again; the suggestion is made with all respect, and in admiration.

Fundamentals of Good Writing. By CLEANTH BROOKS and ROBERT PENN WARREN. *Dobson.* 25*s.*

There is no sense in taking this book as anything except what it is—a College text-book. Ever since classical studies were pushed out of their position at the core of humane education, and handed over their responsibilities to "English," the annual problem facing University English faculties has been to instruct the quasi-literate young in the initial step towards thinking: the relating of thought to language. This task, dull, necessary and back-breaking, is usually performed mechanically, and the books it has called out are not imposing. A certain Smart-Aleck flavour pervades many of them, largely because the method is dominated in England by the *Scrutiny* group, with Richards's *Practical Criticism* as prime ancestor (see the damaging attack on this tradition by Mr. C. S. Lewis in *The Abolition of Man*).

Now Messrs. Brooks and Warren, known in America as the most successful text-book team in the business, give us their answer to the challenge. Clarity—being on top of one's material—is the main lesson they are out to teach, but there is a brave attempt to face the wider problems of style in the sections on Tone and Rhythm. Their book, soberly sensible, thorough, and reliable as it is, seems unlikely to become generally used over here, as its entertainment value is nil; but it may be seriously recommended to all whose work involves an occasional large-scale exercise in communication by the written, or formally spoken, word (and that means most people), whether or not they feel they have anything to learn.

The Plays of Georg Büchner. Translated with an Introduction by GEOFFREY DUNLOP. *Vision.* 15s.

Curiosity about Büchner has been largely curiosity about *Wozzeck*. Alban Berg's opera, recently staged at Covent Garden but introduced to us before the war by the B.B.C., must have sent a number of people inquiring after a text. None such existed in English. For the first time Mr. Geoffrey Dunlop gives us the opportunity of evaluating for ourselves this famous "dramatic fragment" and of going on to discover Büchner. Fascinating both he and it prove to be, though as far as *Wozzeck* is concerned, it is almost impossible now to dissociate the words from what Berg made of them. The desolating beauty, for example, of the pond scene is almost wholly his. Yet to read the play, jagged with humours and strangely illuminated, is an experience. Mr. Dunlop has preserved every valuable scrap, including four variant scenes.

Danton's Death, already familiar in Mr. Spender's translation, makes a more clothed if less startling effect: Danton himself, with his senatorial ease, pity, wit, and acquiescence in decline, has more than a touch of nobility, and the political conflicts live. *Leonce and Lena*—the only other finished play—frivols in the kingdom of Popo after *As You Like It*, even to the point of fools and puns, yet with a mocking youthful charm. Shakespeare seems to have been the great literary sway in Büchner's development (there is more than a hint of *Julius Caesar* about the Paris of Revolution), but by the time he has reached the skeletal *Wozzeck*—aged twenty-four—all influences have been absorbed. Mr. Dunlop mentions a lost play *Pietro Aretino*, which Büchner considered his best; and that is the sum of his dramatic works. Mr. Dunlop's translation is everywhere terse, lively, and playable.

Now It Can be Told. By JAMES GLEESON AND TOM WALDRON. *Elek.* 15s.

World War II has at least this to be said for it, that it offered greater opportunity to the individualist of courage and imagination than that other war which bogged down in mud. This time there was adventure and it is the adventure which is surviving now, with the horror neatly put to one side. War books continue to fill the bookshops because—despite repeated prophecies of their eclipse—they are the action stories of our time, stories which make this peace grey anti-climax.

Now It Can Be Told is a re-telling by James Gleeson and Tom Waldron of seven broadcast radio features, dramatic incidents making use in some cases of fact only recently released from security "secret" lists. They are good stories, of real war adventure, and the two I heard over the air made excellent listening. But the book does not make excellent reading. From exciting material the authors have managed to produce dullness. The dramatic content is sodden with superfluous verbiage. There are pages of "reconstructed" conversations which often suggest dialogue written for Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford, dialogue stuffed with modestly reticent "good shows" and "I say, old boys" from which all but the products of very minor public schools must recoil in distaste. And the authors are particularly painful in their handling of Americans, the "humanised" Generals Mark Clark and Eisenhower becoming, in this rendering of their behind scenes talk, a positive embarrassment to Anglo-American relations.

The publishers of *Now It Can Be Told* would be well advised to avoid in future a typography which involves putting a decorative pig's tail on certain selected "t"s. The effect is a little odd in passages of blood and death.

Introduction to Economic History: 1750-1950. By G. D. H. COLE. *Macmillan.* 10s.

This book is an excellent example of what Professor Cole can do better than anyone else; it is a brief, highly readable and cogent survey of the economic developments which have transformed a large part of the world in the last 200 years and are even now transforming the rest. It is written with an acute eye for the significant and it is admirably designed to set the student off on the quest for more detailed knowledge of the subjects with which it is concerned. Since Professor Cole is mainly describing the impact of industrialism and technological progress upon the major Powers, it is inevitable that he should begin with the familiar story of the effects of the Industrial Revolution upon this country. He then examines the main lines of development in France, Germany and the United States, and the emergence of Russia as a major industrial power under the Soviet régime.

This is not, however, a mechanical "country by country" survey. It deals with aspects of economic history which cut across national boundaries, such as economic imperialism and the social and economic problems raised by technological advance and changes in population, social structure and modes of life in countries at different stages of economic evolution. Professor Cole also stresses the interrelation of economic and political factors, and his discussion of contemporary economic development leads him to discuss topics such as the impact of the Cold War and Communism upon undeveloped countries. The book contains some useful maps, charts and statistical tables, but a future edition will require the inclusion of the select bibliography which is indispensable in a work of this kind. Professor Cole does not claim that his book is more than an introduction to a large and complex theme. As such, it will serve the needs of many to whom economic history has hitherto appeared a dull and forbidding subject.

Black Country. By PHIL DRABBLE. *Hale.* 18s.

The Black Country is still the least known, to the world outside, of our industrial areas. The view that everyone knows, the twelve-mile stretch along the railway line from Birmingham to Wolverhampton, though typical, is in a sense misleading in that it gives no indication of the variety of towns, occupations and even dialectical differences in the hinterland behind it. It is just this variety within so small an area that makes the Black Country so difficult to write about. On the face of it, Mr. Drabble is ideally gifted to explain it to the world outside: he is a native of Bloxwich, an engineer and [illegible] in West Bromwich, is passionately attached to the old crafts of the region and is, besides, a naturalist and a sportsman; and this is important because the Black Country is still in its strange way a semi-rural area and the Black Countryman nearer to the countryman in his interests and way of life than to the urban man of the great industrial cities.

Mr. Drabble knows his economic history and his geology, which are the twin-keys to the understanding of the region. He has written a very good book—up to a point. It is warm and sympathetic. He knows the Black Country has been much maligned; he is eager to explain its virtues and its significance. And this he does admirably, so that his book is the best exposition of the traditional skills and sports that exists. The trouble is, he is too warm, too sympathetic; he identifies himself with the past of the Black Country altogether too ardently, so that in his glorification of Black Country toughness as manifested in bull-baiting, cock-fighting and so on he appears as a kind of Bloxwich Hemingway. If he had curbed his exuberance—and his hatreds—he would have written a better and more valuable book. All the same, he takes us more nearly to the heart of the Black Country than any previous writer. He rightly praises the mid-nineteenth-century American Elihu Burritt's *Walks in the Black Country*; but errs in thinking Dr. Johnson was ever a member of the Birmingham Lunar Society. It would have been very wonderful if he had been.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,174

Set By Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for a fragment of conversation overheard at the Edinburgh Festival by any one of the following pairs—Boswell and Dr. Johnson, George Moore and Sir Edmund Gosse, Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle, or Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden. Entries by September 2nd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,171

Set by G. de Vavasour

An entry in a Reader's Handbook of the last century runs:

> Eyre (*Jane*): a governess, who stoutly copes with adverse circumstances, and ultimately marries a used-up man of fortune in whom the germs of good feeling and sound sense were only exhausted, not destroyed.

Prizes are offered for an entry in such a Handbook, summing up, in not more than 80 words, one of the following works: *Orlando, The Way of All Flesh, Ulysses, Crime and Punishment, Mr. Norris Changes Trains, Antic Hay, The Man Who Was Thursday, Lady Chatterley's Lover.*

U *Essential Facts on Foreign Affairs*

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D **BRITAIN'S COLOUR BAR in AFRICA.** *Julius Lewin* 1s.

THE ROAD TO HELL: *German Rearmament. Basil Davidson* 1s.

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Report by G. de Vavasour

This was a searching test both of the innocence and the experience of our competitors. Those who introduced words like "torso," "double-cross," "inferiority complex," were evidently possessed of neither. Others, without being rude or incomprehensible, failed through merely outlining the plot as the average sensual eye might see it. Surely, from the lexicographer whose duty it was to taste these books, we should expect a *selective* attitude; an unswerving if drastic choice of essentials. The ingenious apology was not out of place:

If this tale (*Orlando*) be indeed the product of one hand, as we are led to believe, we can only conclude that it was written at long intervals and that revision was sadly neglected. (Barbara Smoker.)

Nor was the bland reassurance of D. H.'s dignified entry:

Flesh (The Way of All): A quiet picture of life among the better-to-do clergy in the nineteenth century. The hero, not a strong character, undergoes various vicissitudes until a legacy of £70,000 brings all-right in the end.

Still, if nothing quite equalled the trenchant and admonitory good breeding of the original, the winners at least caught something of its refined and meticulous unbalance. A guinea each, therefore, to the six printed below.

Lover (Lady Chatterley's): A bedside book to be interpreted (like the *Song of Solomon*) strictly as an allegory. A gamekeeper encounters a titled lady who admits him to her confidence; though humbly born, he is a man of parts and more than holds his own with her, first exploring then annihilating the social gulf that lies between them. The narrative may be taken to symbolise the benefits accruing to the Working Man from a Liberal Education.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Punishment, Crime and: A young student, lacking parental guidance and intoxicated with intellectualism, murders on principle a person belonging to the lower orders. A police officer, exhibiting those moral traits in which the young man is deficient, succeeds in restoring the felon to a more stable frame of mind: which, however, lasts for a very brief period, being succeeded by a fit of religious mania of a distasteful nature. A person of ancient profession is prominent among the characters: the novel is foreign.
EDWARD BLISHEN

Ulysses, by James Joyce (see also under Tennyson and Stephen Phillips). Leopold Bloom, a kindly but weak-natured Dublin commission agent, after a number of other adventures, has a midnight encounter, in a poor quarter of the city, with a cynical and impoverished schoolmaster who seeks a literary career. Mrs. Bloom's private fancies, with which the work ends, scarcely sustain, in so far as they are intelligible, any Homeric parallel which the author may have intended his title to offer.
BLOOMSBURIAN

Lady Chatterley's Lover: Disabled while fighting for his country, Lady Chatterley's lover, Sir Clifford Chatterley, returns to his ancestral home determined to keep his coalmines and workmen fully employed. The story deals with the courageous manner in which this remarkable and distinguished gentleman lays aside his cultural activities and succeeds in furthering his country's industrial greatness. Meanwhile Lady Chatterley rears a gamekeeper's chicks in a hut; this man has a flair for floral decoration and a countryman's dislike of circumlocution.
G. G.

Antic Hay: Gumbril (Theodore), a frustrated schoolmaster, exchanges the academic for the commercial sphere. Here he achieves moderate success, but at the cost of many dubious and even undesirable associations. The love of a good woman offers hope of salvation. Since he has made her acquaintance in an irregular manner, this hope is doomed, for evil means cannot achieve good ends. In despair, Gumbril leaves England to travel abroad—in an unspecified, but possibly easterly direction.
SIMON SHIRLEY

Mr. Norris Changes Trains: Norris (Arthur), an Englishman, who would have done better to stay at home, gets into many discreditable adventures abroad. Though foreigners fail to respect him, he nevertheless displays great resource and tact, qualities which would show to greater advantage in more dignified surroundings. His dealings with the fair sex often overstep the bounds of propriety, but in this he is no whit better than his disreputable friends. His end is a warning.
E. S. GOLLER

CHESS: He Who Laughs Last

No. 151

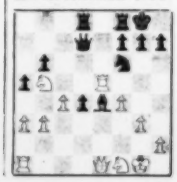
Triumphantly to ride the crest of the wave is pleasing enough; but it is even more gratifying suddenly and unexpectedly to shoot up from the dark valley of oblivion to a shining peak of glory, while seeing an overconfident opponent plunged the reverse route. This is how T. de Jong must have felt when, at Amsterdam 1934, he reached the position of diagram I against his famous compatriot M. Euwe. Playing White, the future world champion embarked on what looked like a shattering combination. (1) Kt x BP, R x Kt, (2) B x R ch, Q x B, (3) R-Q8 ch, B-KB1, (4) Q x Q ch, K x Q, (5) R x Kt. So far, so good, with the exchange and a couple of pawns as a handsome dividend. But from now on it is de Jong who shoots up on fortune's see-saw, outwitting his great opponent like this. (5) . . . R-Q2!, (6) P-Kt4, R-Q8 ch, (7) K-Kt2, B x Kt, (8) P-B6, B-K5 ch, (9) P-B3, R-Q7 ch!, (10) K-B1, B x QBP, (11) R-B1,

B-Q3!, (12) R-KR8, K-Kt2, (13) R-Q8, B x QRP, (14) K-K1, B-KKt6 ch!!, (15) K x R, B-B5 ch, etc. An even more drastic, not to say ludicrous, case of tables turned on an unsuspecting opponent occurred in a position reported in Kurt Richter's amusing booklet *Schachmatt* (de Gruyter, 1950). With a solitary Queen left against two of them and a couple of pawns, Black seemed well entitled to act on the two old principles that one could never gain anything by resigning and that one should never miss a check, just in case it might be mate. Here it did lead to mate, since after (1) . . . Q-Kt8 ch White (who had received the odds of a Q) was obliging enough to pick the wrong spot for his K. The result was (2) K-R4??, Q-K8 ch, (3) Q-Kt3, Q-K2 ch, (4) K-Kt4, Q-Kt4.

A: P. Heuäcker 1949

Since the lucky victor happened to be Paul Heuäcker, the famous composer it would seem to be only fair to present him in his proper role, unaided by anything except his own ingenuity. **A**—White to win—is a most instructive little endgame study, and in rating it a mere 7 ladder-points I had better add the helpful hint that competitors should beware of a rather obvious "temptation". True to my new policy of including at least one very easy problem, **B** is a game position with Black to move. How did he force resignation in two moves? To our crack-competitors this may well seem overrated with 5 points, the more so when I add that this happens to be one of the few known game-positions which can be considered as a perfect illustration of what problemists know as a "Turton." Here then—**C**, a 3-mover—is this famous problem, the forerunner of innumerable

B: A. Alekhine 1933



C: Henry Turton 1856

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epigonal efforts based on the same idea. Our problem-addicts will certainly know this classic and consider 5 points unearned income; but the less experienced competitors should find the piece very instructive.

Usual prizes. Entries by September 1.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 2

A: White's last move was K x R (h5), Black's last move was R (h8) x Q (h5); instead of that Black castles whereupon White mates him by Q-KR7.

B: (1) Kt-QB1, K-K3. (2) K-B5, K-B4. (3) Kt-K2 etc.

C: Stalemate: Black's K at QB5, his Q at QR8, his R at QKt8, B at QB8, pawns at QR7, QKt7, QB7, Q7; White's K at KB2 draws by K-B2.
Other draw: Black's K at KR7, his Q at QKt7, R at QR8, B at Q8, pawns at QR2, QR3, QR4, QR5. White's K at QB3 draws by (1) K x Q, any (2) K x R etc.

D: (1) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-K4 ch. (2) Kt(2)-B3 ch, Kt x Kt ch. (3) P-Q4 ch, Kt x P (d4) ch. (4) Kt-B3 ch, Kt x Kt ch. (5) P-Q4 ch, Kt x P ch. (6) B-B4 mate; if (3) . . . K x P. (4) B-Kt2 mate.

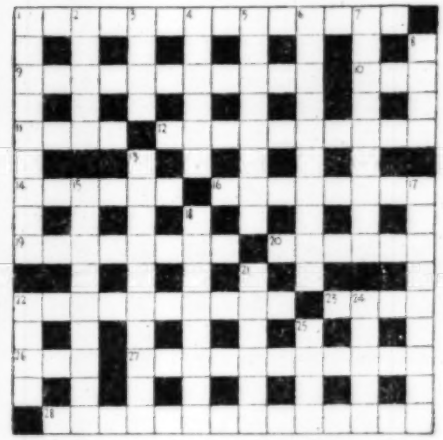
E: (1) P-Q6, B-K4. (2) B-Kt8, B-B3. (3) P-Q7, B-Q1. (4) B-Kt3, P-R5. (5) B-R4†, B x B. (6) P-Kt4 ch etc.

F: (1) R-R7 ch, K-Kt1. (2) R-R8 ch, K x R. (3) P-Kt7 ch K-R2. (4) P x R (Kt) ch, K-R3. (5) P x Kt (B†), P-Q5. (6) B x P, R-QB6. (7) B-K3, R-R6. (8) P-R8 (B), R x B. (9) P-K8 (R†) etc.

A large entry and surprisingly numerous correct solutions of the intricate *F*. But even more competitors dropped just a few points on one item (mostly *C*) or another of this Marathon. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, H. Bojer, G. S. Fisher, Leslie Hale, A. Rivlin. But no less flawless entries came from D. E. Cohen, H. F. Moxon, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 10



ACROSS

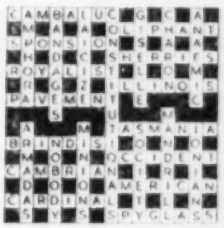
1. Maternity benefit? (4, 2, 8).
9. Aloof on the field? (11).
10. The editor turns back to this source of light for an artist (3).
11. Makes a flower with a cuckoo (4).
12. Measure of time in the middle (10).
14. The poet is a son perhaps (6).
16. "The three great elements of modern civilisation, gunpowder, ——, and the Protestant religion" (Carlyle) (8).
19. Precipitate flower (8).
20. Soft illumination reveals a difficult situation (6).
22. If there were land for some, it would be in the north of England (10).
23. They are more important than sovereigns (4).
26. The atmosphere in the Egyptian capital (3).
27. To instil caution I make a speech, but things only get worse (11).
28. American chicken suspected of un-American activities? (5, 6, 3).

DOWN

1. Unpleasant places provided by an old tax on gambling (9).
2. A health resort in the country (5).
3. The chances are usually unfavourable, so back with pennies (4).
4. Challenged if wrong indeed (6).
5. These might be tireless for fishing (8).
6. After the end of the war he and his fellows for the most part composed bitterly (10).
7. Not part of 28 presumably (5, 4).
8. Always fair in weather forecasts (4).
13. "That-talkative —— seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)"
(Flecker) (10).
15. A month which seems to last a long time? (4, 5).
17. Town where a master seems to be punished (9).
18. Poet after Dante (8).
21. It is unprincipled to hold a viva voce in the morning (6).
22. Caught by the Chancellor? (4).
24. Seat of learning (5).
25. It is a blessing to find a monkey without a degree (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 9



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BACHELOR, 30, public school, English, seeks share flat with one/two similar and young. BSM PNRP, London, W.C.1.

LADY urg. reqs. 1-2 roomed furn. unfurn. s.c. flat. HOL. 1636, rent pref. West End. No premium or £1. Box 3001.

YOUNG B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra violinist & wife (modest means) need friendly flat, preferably unfurnished, convenient for Maida Vale and with freedom to make music. Limit for furnished, £4 4s. Box 2872.

YOUNG prof. couple, wife Indian, husband British, urgently requires furn. unfurn. flat/rooms, preferably S.C., South East London, but grateful any offer.—Box 2763.

YOUNG prof. woman needs furn., unfurn. flat/let. N.W.—W.—S.W. Sept. Box 3035.

PERMANENT accommodation, in or around London, consisting large light room, suitable library study, bedroom, bathroom and kitchenette, with access to garden, required by bachelor. Would entertain p.p. proposal from not too gregarious hosts. Prefer partly rather than over-furnished, or would furnish complete ex. curtains, carpets, etc. Quiet surroundings and pleasant neighbours essential. Box 2869.

ACCOMMODATION continued

TWO rooms and kitchen unfurn. or partly furn., required for middle-aged couple. Preferably Woodstock Avenue, N.W.11. Box 3052.

HIGHGATE: Architect, wife & 2 children require temporary accom. from mid-Sept. Flat, house or share house. Will sublet help part-time in any capacity. Box 3146.

WOMAN student needs place, bed-sit. rm., cooking facils. Bloomsbury or Soho area, from Oct. 27th: wkly. rate. Box 2879.

SEPT. 6. Yng. cple. reqs. furn. flat. S.c. S.W. or W./Richmond. Refs. Box 2999.

BUSINESS couple (away most week-ends) want to let flat/room/part, s.c.e. E. London from mid August. Box 3052.

WOMAN Civil Servant requires urgently Bed. unfurn. partly furn. bed. in Central London. Highest references. Box 2906.

WANTED rent unfurn. s.c. garden flat or single house, garden, London. Limit £400 inclusive. At least 2 bedrooms, bathroom, large living-room, good kit. Canal or Thames desirable. Box 3125.

CHELSEA or near: student, 20 (Nov.) requires furn. room, cooking facils. Private house or flat. BAL. 0MER, W.C.1.

WRITER, family 5, require very modest country accom. Services 0H.I. Box 2936.

PROFESSIONAL man, wife and three children, returned from abroad, wish to rent or buy house with some land within 100 miles London. Box 3016.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HERTS. Delightful cottage with nursery/sitting room added by progressive architect, studio over large garage, sitting room, bedroom, bath, well-equipped kitchen, 7 Ideal boiler, all services, small garden, fruit. Easy run from London. Freehold £2,500. Box 3017.

BRIGHTON, Marine Parade facing sea. Nice house converted low S.C. flats, good annual income. Balcony flat vacant. Freehold £5,000. Owner, 22 North Rd., Brighton.

LONDON, S.W.19. Very good detd. house. 2 recep. 3/4 bedrms. Elec. cooker. Immersion heater. £2,400 sac. poss. Box 2992.

BLACKHEATH. Detached Chalet Bungalow. Close station, shops, beach. Three double bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, small study, half-tiled kitchenette, bathroom, separate W.C., bossom/worcshop, garden, conservatory, garage space. Many attractive features. Freehold £3,100. Ring GRE. 3147.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 6s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Date: Six days before date of publication. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8474.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the Applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary to the Appointments Committee (who would also be a Deputy to the Secretary) at a salary within the range £900 to £1,100. The person appointed will be expected to interview students who desire to be registered with the Appointments Committee, to advise them on their careers and also to maintain close liaison with prospective employers. It is desirable that applicants should have had previous experience of this type of work and experience in industry would be an advantage. The appointment will date from November 1, 1952, or such later date as may be arranged. F.S.S.U. and family allowance benefits. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom five copies of the applications should be submitted not later than September 20, 1952. George P. Richardson, Assistant Secretary, 13 University Court.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. An Administrative Assistant to the Registrar is required. Salary range £350 × £50—£850, with family allowances and superannuation benefits. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (four copies) must be sent not later than Sept. 6.

RAINHILL Mental Hospital Management Committee, Rainhill Hospital, Rainhill, Nr. Liverpool (2,800 patients). Applications are invited for the appointment of Librarian. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians or graduates with suitable experience. The successful candidate will be responsible for the organisation and maintenance of the Library Service at the Hospital and will also be expected to take part in educational activities. Salary scale £520 × £20 (5)—£620 per annum. Appointment is subject to National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications, stating age, qualifications and previous exps., with copies of two recent testimonials, to be sent to the Secretary immediately.

BBC requires Mobile Topicality Assistant in West Region at Bristol to work direct to News Editor. Duties comprise reporting of current events of all kinds in West Region for Regional News Bulletins and associated commentaries and regular topical magazines such as "The Week in the West." Sound journalistic qualifications and good knowledge of West Region are necessary. Experience of working with a recording car an advantage. Candidates may be asked to undergo simple microphone test. Salary £695 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £930 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "M.T.A. N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNITED Nations Association invites applications for: (1) Secretary Council for Education in World Citizenship and Head of Youth Department, to promote teaching for international understanding within the educational system and UNA's work among young people. Salary £475, rising by annual increments of £25 to £600, with London Weighting of £26. (2) Regional Officer to develop work of Association and extend its Branches and membership in the north or east of England. £450 p.a., rising by annual increments of £25 to £600. (3) Travelling Secretary for Universities and Colleges, to promote UNA'S work, through the United Nations Student Association, in Universities and Training Colleges. Salary £450, rising by annual increments of £25 to £450, with London Weighting of £26. In addition to salary there are children's allowances and a superannuation scheme. Conditions of appointment and application forms from 25 Charles Street, London, W.1, on receipt of stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

FOOD and Agriculture Organization (Rome), World Health Organization (Geneva), invite applications from Secretaries and Stenographers of English mother-tongue for tests to be held in London to recruit for stenographic posts. Standards required: 100 w.p.m. shorthand, with minimum 2 years' experience, plus School Certificate, typing speed 50 w.p.m.; age limit 20-40. When writing please state Organization preferred. Applications should be sent to the Examination Board, Palais des Nations, Geneva, giving surname, name and address, nationality, mother-tongue, age, education, experience, speeds. Further information will be sent only to those selected for testing. Closing date September 15.

YOUTH Organiser required to develop Co-operative activities among children and adolescents in the society's area. Previous experience of similar work and knowledge of the Co-operative Movement essential. Minimum salary £450 per annum. Further information and application form, which must be returned by September 1, 1952, may be obtained from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

IRVING Galleries require young educated typist, good handwriting and figures. Salary £4. 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BOTLEYS Park Hospital Management Committee. Botleys Park Hospital, Chertsey, Surrey. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker (female—non-resident) at Botleys Park Hospital for Mental Defectives. A senior and another social worker are employed in the department. Preference will be given to candidates having experience of mental defectives of high grade. Duties are concerned chiefly with placing into suitable employment patients who have benefited by hospital training, their after-care and general welfare. Salary scale £410 × £15 to £515 per annum for a candidate with a Social Science Diploma. The appointment is subject to the provisions of the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations, 1950, and also subject to a satisfactory medical examination. Application forms can be obtained from The Physician Superintendent, Botleys Park Hospital, Chertsey, Surrey.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £100 £125 a year plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and the heart of the Kent countryside. Write to the Matron, The West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for illustrated brochure and full particulars.

ST. John's Approved School, Wakefield. Applications are invited for the following resident posts at the above Senior Approved School for Girls. (a) School Secretary. The person appointed should be capable of keeping school records and dealing with routine correspondence. She will also be expected to assist with the leisure time activities of the girls and an interest in handicrafts, music and dramatic work is desirable. Salary according to Home Office Scale plus £34 13s. 4d. extraneous duty money, less £78 board residence. (b) Relief Housekeeper. This person should be able to relieve in all departments during staff holidays, and an ability and willingness to share in the recreational activities of the girls would be welcome. Salary, if qualified according to Burnham Scale plus annual increments, plus £34 13s. 4d. extraneous duty money less £78 board residence. If unqualified—£270 × £12—£306 plus £34 13s. 4d. less £78. Apply immediately to the Headmistress of the school.

SECRETARY, female, with initiative and personality required for important Jewish Organisation. Experience of outside work and knowledge of printing and advertising an advantage. Excellent prospects to applicant with ability and keenness. State particulars of age, education qualifications, experience and salary required. Box 3027.

YOUNG, enthusiastic Soc. journalist reqd. for old-established political weekly. Interesting opportunity for anyone with energy, initiative and political conviction to compensate modest starting salary. Box 3054.

GIRLS' Club Leader (resident) age groups 5 to 18 years. Salary according to age & experience. Apply, giving full particulars and names of three referees, to the Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement, 9 Wellington St., Dundee.

REQUIRED, smart intelligent secretary, able correspondent and general office routine, working on own initiative. Jewish holidays. Write, stating experience and salary required to Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7.

EXPD. Secretary with good S/T, required for interesting post with Medico Social Organisation in Kensington area. Hours 9-5.30. No Sats. Married woman preferred. Box 3022.

WOMAN Physics graduate required end September for permanent full-time or part-time work. W.1. Write Box 3018.

BOOKSHOP, E.C.1, requires young lady, four afternoons a week. Box 3067.

COOK required in September for vegetarian co-educ. school. Aga cooker. Box 2944.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GIRL with publicity and television staff exp. seeking responsible job; writing ability, 3 languages, good refs., used to high-pressure work. Box 3102.

ART-Historian, archæologist (26), Austrian, doctorate Univ. Innsbruck, fluent Eng., offers services England abroad. Box 2916.

MAN, 33, married with one child. Business executive & secretary. Widely travelled, seeks congenial employment. Knowledge of estate management. Anything consid. Box 2864.

WOMAN Doctor, Oxford graduate, with teaching, hospital and G.P. exp., wants assistantship within reach London. Box 2931.

GRADUATE (m.), 28, fluent Dutch (mother tongue), French, German, Malayan, commercial and interpreting experience, seeks any post London. Box 2947.

SUB-EDITOR Prov. wkly. (32, married), smothered by comf. bourgeois life, seeks vital job. Many years prof. actor-producer; pres. inc. £500 p.a. Will take much less for purposeful work anything cons. Box 2943.

M.A. Economics and Statistics (m., 42) exp. commerce, knowl. medical statistics, seek. job. Welfare, market research, medical, industr., commerce. Anything cons. Box 2961.

L.S.E. Grad., 28, Mod. S/H. and typing, wants job with M.P. or similar. Box 3048.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

OXFORD Graduate. Honours English, 23, single, reqs. position where qualifications can be of use. Home abroad. Box 2893.

SECRETARY S/T enjoys musical company but must have living to earn. Can any London Music Society offer both? Box 3010.

SH.-Typist Sec., 22, desires interesting employment in country distr. Live-in pref. Interested Arts Literature Music. Box 2976.

YNG. man (25) reqs. better post. Intsts. Law, Sociology, Politics. Excel. refs. Single, travel anywhere. Box 3008.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist would like work two days a week, London. Box 3050.

EXPERIENCED sec., S/T., free odd half-days. ARC. 1765, ext. 1/MOU. 1701.

HOUSEKEEPER. London abroad. Good cooking g'teed. Freedom for hobbies apprec. Driver. £12 monthly. Box 2870.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BOOK now for Sept. Oct. at quiet, congenial hotel used by readers and others. Medically commended for late holidays (mild, sunny, sheltered). Informative brochure free on request. £5 10s. to £8 weekly, inclusive early teas, 4 meals daily, coffee, baths, fresh fruit daily. Twin beds, Slumberlands, h. & c. Two comfortable lounges. Well appointed throughout. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best position facing South, near Sun-Lounge (orchestra daily). Phone Hastings 4784.

CORNWALL. Trecharrock Manor & Farm, Jersey herd. Reserve now for September, October and November, when surf-bathing excellent, and "Indian Summer" weather lovely. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excel. cuisine, all comforts gtd. Port Isaac 234.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

CHAGFORD, Devon. Walking centre for Dartmoor. Cream and comfort. Aug./Sept. 5gns. p.w. B. & B. 11s. 6d. Thomas, Southmead, Chagford.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. Country house possessing every modern amenity, situated in 12 acres gardens, overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. Details and photos from Box 2445.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel—33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 7-9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1944.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A friendly & comfortable country house in secluded grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Approved. 7½-8½gns. Tel. 3155.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 3½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

HOVE. For happy comfortable holidays, 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & C. Excellent food. Terms from 5gns. 18 Rutland Gardens, Tel. Hove 39389.

SOMERSET. Cossington Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater. Easy access to sea, golf, fishing. Excellent cooking. Slumberland bedding. Garage Accommodation. Terms 5½gns.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers varied meals, comf. & friendly atmosphere mid glorious Lake & mountain scenery. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Driving facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

TINTAGEL, Cornwall, Trethevy House Private Hotel. Overlooking beautiful Rocky Valley to the sea and situated on 12th century site of St. Piran's monastery. Excellent accom., home cooking. Sept. onwards. Special Winter tariff. Write brochure.

WHITSTABLE, Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Tankerton (licensed). Abundant food, first-rate cooking. Beautifully situated in large private grounds, near sea. Easy reach Canterbury. A.A. approved. Whitstable 3243.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Gwernan. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5-5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., 3. CEN. 4871.

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury. Thatched, simple, cosy centre tours, lovely walks. Good cooking. Terms 5-6gns. Miss English.

SUSSEX. Rooms 18th Century Cottage—modern conveniences. Glorious Downland, Welton (late Willow Brooks, Hassocks). 3 Chapel Hill, Lewes.

HOTEL Windsor, Bld. Verdun, Dieppe (facing sea), offers comfortable accom., good food, at reas. rates for week-ends or holiday periods. Also at Clos Normand, Martin Eglise, where excellent free Trout fishing is available. Marcel Lambert, Proprietor.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

SMALL, modern hotel, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Iron Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

WEEKENDERS want it, Fortnighters too; Droppers-in want it—so do you! Little Guide to Village Inns & Farms. 1s. 6d. post 2d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

HYTHE, Kent. Stade Court Hotel. A.A. (3 stars) on sea front. H. & C. all bedrooms. Cent. Htg., lift, divan beds. Every comfort. 8-10gns. p.w. Apply Manageress for brochure. Hythe 67146.

LONDON Hotels? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom. Service, 93 Baker St., London W.1. WEL. 2555.

COTTAGE on Cumberland Fells—holiday hospitality for two offered: quiet, comfortable, moderate. Box 2871.

OSTEND. English Hotel near Beach, Lido, Kursaal. 21s. per day, late Aug. 18s. Sept. Excellent food. Cond., recommended. Hotel Nelson, Deschamps, 14 Rue Louise.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach of Eastbourne. Comfy beds. Good food. Te Whare Hotel, Heram. Telephone: Horeham Rd. 32.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

SOCIALIST hotel for Socialist guests, "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. Tel. Hastings 4571.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel for restful autumn holidays. English cooking at its very best. A.A. recommended. Reduced terms from September 15.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea, h. & c. bedrms. Farm produce. Excel. food. Mod. terms.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 334.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 700 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in "The Good Food Guide 1952." Entirely revised and much enlarged but still 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrews Hill, E.C.4.

SCHOOLS

ESTABLISHED Girls' Boarding School in lovely country 44 miles south of London offers one or two girls specially reduced fees of £38 per term. Box 2850.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good academic results. Children parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ODAM Hill School: a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Eggs particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlks. Channel Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc.; Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1952 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. Aug. 25-30. Evgs. 7.0. W. S. 2.30. C. U. Marlowe Soc., "Romeo & Juliet." 12s. 6d.-3s. 6d. resvd.

WINTER Garden. Hol. 8881. 7.30. Th. 2.30, S. 5 & 8. Dancers of Bali, full Gamelan Orchestra. Flying Visit. Aug. 26-Sept. 6.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 7.30 (ex. Mon.); Sun. 6.0. "The Swedenhielms," by Hialmar Bergman, Trans. by Clifford Grey. Mems. 5s.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.). 10.30, Sun. 9.0. "Just Lately," an intimate late-night Revue. Membs. 5s. yrly.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "Mild & Bitter." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Aug. 24, 7.30. "Isle of Sinners." (A) (French).

RING WATerloo 3191 or MAYfair 7600 for tickets for the second Concert to be given by the Society for XXth Century Music at the Royal Festival Hall on Monday, September 22. Programme will include the first concert performance of Martinu's opera: "Comedy on the Bridge."

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sunday excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 20. Tkts., 4s. to 8s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents; 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s., available nightly at doors only.

STRAVINSKY. In honour of the composer's seventieth birthday the Society for XXth Century Music will give a performance of L'Histoire du Soldat at the Royal Festival Hall on Mon., Sept. 22. For tickets ring WATerloo 3191 or MAYfair 7600.

THE World Dances at The International Dance Festival, Royal Albert Hall—October 23, 24, 7.30 p.m. 400 Dancers and Musicians from 28 Lands. Seats 15s., 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. Booklable now from: United Nations Student Association, 25 Charles St., London, W.1. Tel. GROsvenor 2784.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

GARDEN Party, Michael Scott Film, Folk dancing, Shows, etc. Sporting & theatrical personalities. Large indoor facilities. 3 to 8 p.m. Sat., August 30. Morley Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington. 1s. 6d.; 1s. children. Help Democracy in South Africa.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Hunterian Collection lent by the University, Glasgow. Adm. free. Wkdys 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th century. Daily 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Art of Ancient America. Daily 10-5.

ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "The Old & the New in South-East Asia." Photographs by Derrick Knight. Until Aug. 30. Dly. 10-6. Sun. 2-6. Adm. Free.

CONTEMPORARY Colour Lithography from Cincinnati Art Museum. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 10. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise Part II. Entirely new exhibition. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GRAHAM Robertson and others. Retrospective Exhibition until Aug. 30 at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., Contemporary French Primitives: Vivin, Bombois, Bauchant, etc., extended to Sept. 6. Daily 10-5. Saturdays 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. From August 26: Five Young Contemporaries and Recent Work by Hugh MacKinnon.

PARSONS Galleries, 70 Grosvenor St. Paintings of Horses by Anne Buslen. Aug. 13 to Sept. 3, 10-5 p.m. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. The Exhibition will help the Horse & Pony Benefit Fund.

COFFEE House, Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square. Commencing August 24. Exhibition of paintings by Federico Santi, Alan Gourley, 9 a.m. to 11.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Present Position in South Africa," by Dr. Leon Szur. Thursday, August 28, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d.

LONDON Jewish Grads' Assoc. Mon. Aug. 25. Dr. J. Talmon, author "The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy" will speak on "Totalitarian Democracy." Arts Theatre Club, 5/6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, 8 p.m. Vis. 2s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2. (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. August 24: "Theosophy's Teaching on Life After Death."

SHAW Society will meet from September at National Book League H.Q., 7 Albemarle St. New members welcome; details & specimen pubns. from 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

ANNIVERSARY of Liberation of Rumania. Invitation to friends of the Association. Holborn Hall. Tuesday, August 26, 7.30. Ed. Howitt, Clarinet; Hilda Cotton, Balalaika. Chairman: D. N. Pritt, Q.C. British Rumanian Friendship Association (MAI 5988).

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SIX-Point-Group. Week-end Conference on Women's Work in the Future. Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Sept. 12-14. Speakers: Lady Chatterjee, Horace King, M.P., John Bredin, F.R.Econ.S., Margaret Thatcher and others. From Fri. dinner to Sun. tea £2 5s. From Sat. lunch 35s. Apply S.P.G., 45a Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. PRI. 3861.

COLLEGE of Physical Education, Fredensborg, Denmark. One year training course for men teachers especially adapted for British & Commonwealth students. Recog. by Chief Inspector of Phys. Educ., Denmark. Dir. in English by Svend Holtze. Comms. Oct. Fee £225 incl. board. Write Principal.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Sq.). Special three weeks' Intensive and Practical Course in Spoken Russian, Sept. 1-19. Classes Monday to Friday, 6.30-8.00. For Beginners and Students of all grades. Fee 2gns. For partics. apply to Secretary. Tel.: HOL. 6770. Normal Autumn Term begins Sept. 29.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-3805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; or private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8531-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificates; short or long Courses; enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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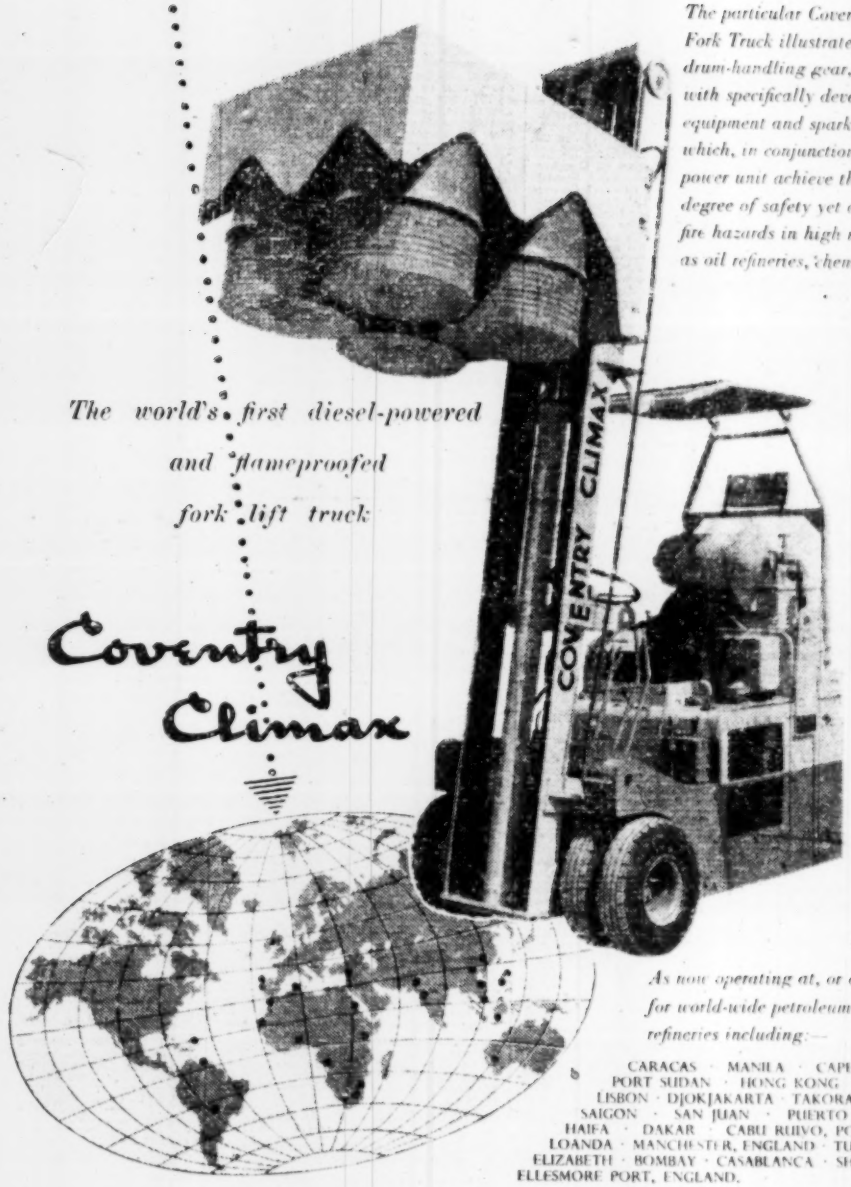

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